NEW STATESMAN SOCIETY

FEB 0 9 1990
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY

5 January 1990
US $2.65
IR 2.15
UK £1.40

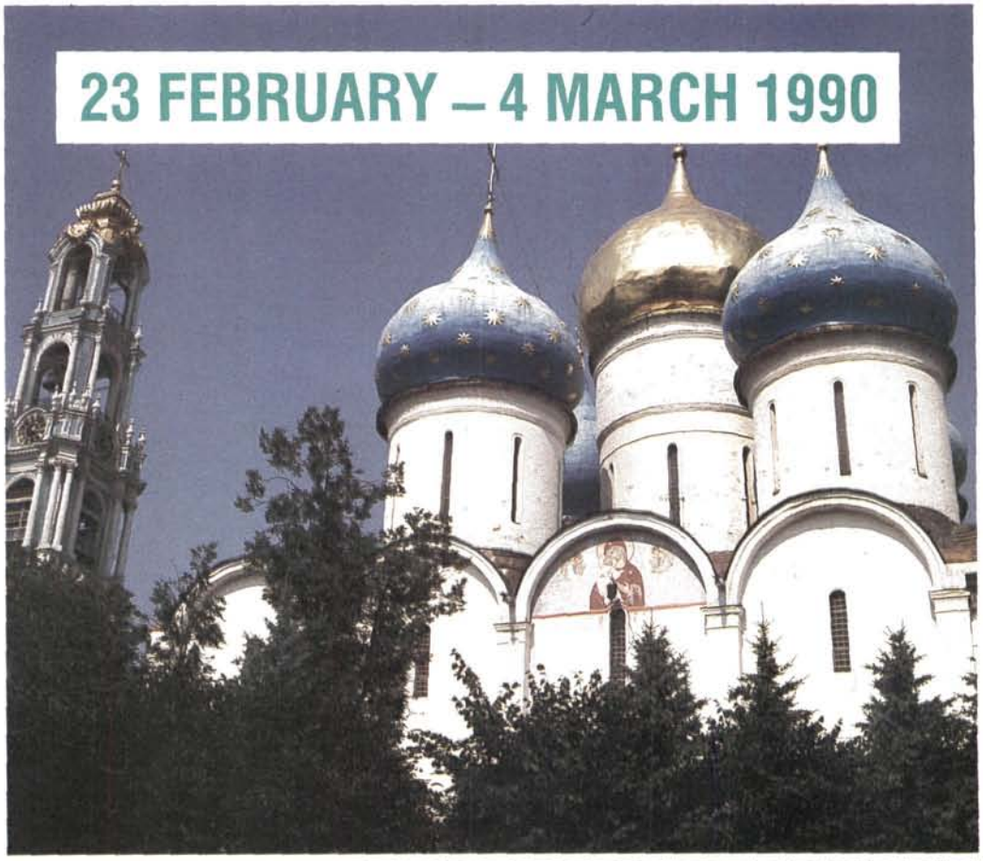
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW STATESMAN SOCIETY

TRAVEL OFFER

MOSCOW ● GOLDEN RING OF CITIES ● LENINGRAD

£375



This tour, specially planned for the readers of *New Statesman & Society* by Progressive Tours, combines visits to the famous monuments and museums of the two great cities of the Soviet Union with a short stay in the region of lakes and forests, ancient cities and golden-domed monasteries which lies eastwards between Moscow and the Volga river.

MOSCOW

The group departs for Moscow from Heathrow on Friday 23 February, spending three nights in the Soviet capital. After a general tour we will visit the main sights including Red Square, St Basils, the Kremlin and the Park of Economic Achievements.

GOLDEN RING OF CITIES

Depart from Pereslavl-Zalessky, stopping en route for a guided visit to the great Troitsky Sergeiev monastery at Zagorsk. Two nights are spent in Pereslavl with an onward coach journey through Rostov the Great to the historic city of Yaroslavl on the Volga.

LENINGRAD

Three days in Leningrad will include visits to the Hermitage and the Winter Palace. There are opportunities for individual exploration and a meeting is planned with Soviets at the House of Friendship. The BA flight homeward will depart from Leningrad, arriving at Heathrow on 4 March at 16.45.

BOOKING AND PAYMENT

The price of £345 includes full board in twin-bedded rooms with bath in modern hotels, all travel, transfers, programme and entrance fees, with optional visits to theatres, concerts or the circus at additional cost. A Soviet guide-interpreter will be available throughout the tour. Insurance and the visa service are the only recommended extras at £13.50 and £4.50 respectively.

This tour is fully bonded with ABTA and the CAA under out ATOL licence 447. It is limited to 42 places, which will be allocated in order of receipt of deposits. These may be sent, with the reservation form on this page, directly to Progressive Tours, which will then forward the booking form and conditions, requiring final payment four weeks before departure.

Bookings will be confirmed by completion of the standard booking form and subject to the conditions printed thereon. In the event of the tour being fully booked, deposits will be refunded in full. We hope to arrange a further tour if there is sufficient demand, either in the period before 31 March, or at higher prices later.

Return this form to New Statesman & Society Russian Tour, Progressive Tours Limited, 12 Porchester Place, London, W2 2BS.

☐ **Please reserve ..... places on the Russian Tour for which I enclose a cheque for £..... (£30 per person) made payable to Progressive Tours.**

☐ **I would be interested in a later similar tour.**

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Signature..... **Date** .....

Names of other persons booked: .....

.....

Progressive Tours Ltd.
12 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, London W2 2BS
Telephone 01 262 1676. Telex 25135.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS

NEW STATESMAN & SOCIETY

5 January 1990 Vol 3 No 82
New Statesman Vol 119 No 3065
New Society Vol 86 No 1408
ISSN 0954-2361

©Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd and Contributors

Foundation House
Perseverance Works
38 Kingsland Road
London E2 8DQ
Telex 28449 Fax 01-739 9307
Advertising 01-739 1645
Editorial/Administration 01-739 3211
Accounts/Subscriptions 01-739 1737

Subscription rates
UK £55
Europe (inc Eire) £64
USA Air mail $146; air speed $99
Elsewhere: accelerated surface post £70; air mail rates on request
US Postmaster: address changes to New Statesman & Society. Speedimpex USA Inc, 45-45 39th Street, Long Island City, NY 11104

REGULARS

Editorial 4
Relative values: belief in common sacrifice marks eastern Europe. The profound loss of such belief scars Britain

Word-bites 5
Arabia Infelix; Bleak outlook for Gorby; Shamir's sham; *NSS* exclusive predictions for the 1990s

Letters 6

Diary 8
Sean French; plus Roger Woddis

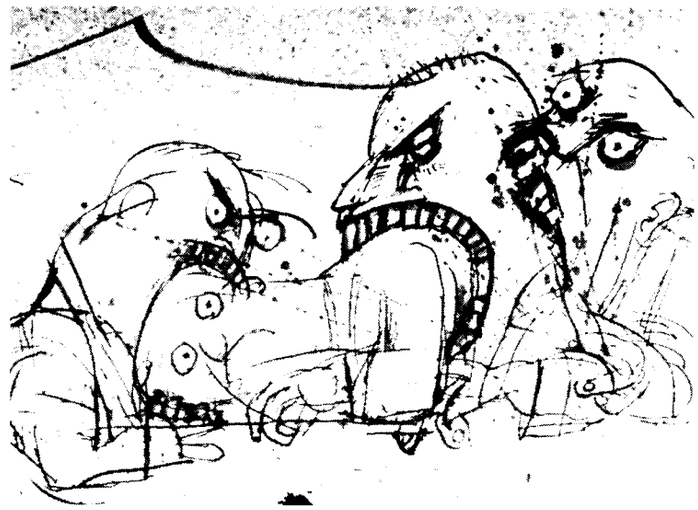
Political column 23
John Lloyd talks exclusively to Silviu Brucan, the self-proclaimed mastermind of Romania's reform movement

Fringe benefits 30
Colin Ward remembers those shot at dawn

Endgames 54
Competition: Oscar Wilde-type aphorisms on the poll tax, Sky Television and other fin de siècle phenomena; Salamanca; Graffiti by Paige

Cover: illustration by Ralph Steadman; see *Memories of the Future* by RW Johnson, Page 9

INTO THE FUTURE



9 Memories of the future
As the power relations in Europe grow increasingly akin to those of the pre-first-world-war era, RW Johnson attacks British insularity and advocates an Anglo-French alliance

23 Political column: Beyond the tanks
John Lloyd talks exclusively to Silviu Brucan, the self-proclaimed mastermind of Romania's reform movement

25 New year's revolutions
Max Farrar talks to east-European communities in Yorkshire who feel hope but no nostalgia for their homelands

12 Working for London
Stephanie Williams talks to Terry Farrell, the architect who is re-designing the capital

14 ABC
Lucy Jenkins spent three years typing a new National Lexicon for Kenneth Baker. She has leaked it exclusively to the *NSS*

18 Bottom of the heap
Women NUPE members in Northern Ireland talk about their union with a passion usually reserved for their mothers. Bea Campbell tells us why

20 Noriega's files
Caught or killed, General Noriega will activate a political time bomb that threatens to blow up in the face of George Bush. Phillip Wearne explains

21 Blindspots
Dead Palestinians and poor Poles: Alexander Cockburn on the triumph of "western values"

31 Essay: Back to black
David Dabydeen reflects on the ways one version of the English language has been used to discipline black people and their speech

42 Back to the future
Terry Eagleton compares the coming fin de siècle with its predecessor

48 The middle of nowhere
Stir-fry and black pudding: Andrew Clifford on the technicolour classfulness of the motorway cafe

BRIEFING

Society 25
New Year's revolutions: Max Farrar looks east with the Poles, Latvians and Ukrainians of West Yorkshire; New buys: Colleen Shannon on the Green Bill plans to control designer-viruses; New departures: Adrian Bell walks to redemption with Belgium's young offenders; Welfare Watch: Tony Lynes uncovers an uneasy squeeze on the social fund 29
Society Today: Pat McNeill goes in search of the hidden curriculum 30

Milestones, page 34

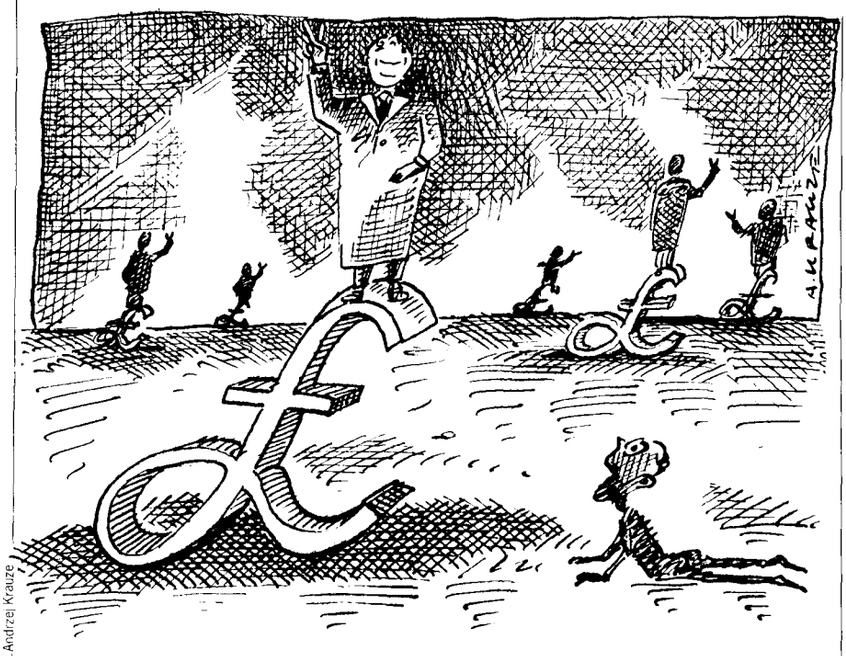
Books 34
David Widgery reads one book by Miles Davis and another about Jimi Hendrix; Anne Smith on sex and language; Rodney Livingstone: children who have been victims of war; Boyd Tonkin on Vienna in 1899, Sean French on one doctor's disorders; Brian McAvera: some recent Irish fiction; Nicci Gerrard on Beryl Bainbridge's latest novel; Margot Jefferys: old women remember
Poems 40

Artefax 42
Back to the future: as tremors of apocalypse once more start to rumble, Terry Eagleton looks toward the millennium; Charlotte Du Cann on the Soviet visionaries who still make heroes of us all; Putting sex back in its place: the pressure is on man to perform in new ways reports Angela McRobbie; Europe is soon to be invaded by Mickey, Goofy and Minnie as Martin Parker discovers; Andrew Clifford stops for petrol in the middle of nowhere—the motorway service station; Anyone can now cut a disc for just a couple of hundred pounds, says Andrew Goodwin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Relative values

Belief in common aspirations and sacrifice marks the countries of eastern Europe. The profound loss of such belief scars Britain



Andrzej Krauze

It was the gold-plated bath taps that did it. People who could not quite believe that the Ceausescus had so abused their rule were convinced by the bath taps. That was the mark of their betrayal. And the sight of Eric Honecker's trim bedroom fittings made him an overnight traitor to his country.

Our Queen, the richest woman in the world, may have a solid gold bath tub for all we know. Who cares? Of course, the Royal Dynasty makes few pretensions to serve us. Yet, even if we discovered that inside her high-walled security enclosure in Dulwich the Prime Minister had stashed away a cabinet full of gold replicas of herself, what would that matter? It would be a sign of her weakness in private life, not of her strength to abuse the public trust.

The essential difference between the countries of eastern Europe and Britain is in the rhetoric of people and sacrifice. Briefly, in the last war, Britain knew this language and its signs. The Royal Family stayed in London to share the sacrifice of the blitz and appeared in public in the uniform of the people—of army and girl guides. Britain is no longer "a people"; common sacrifices cannot be demanded, leaders are not bound to lead in a relationship of mutual trust. Only in the Labour Party, where the language of shared suffering endured longest, are leaders still ritually accused of betrayal—or, in the commercial west's lingo, of "selling out". But even this seems more a ritual than an authentic charge.

But outside the west, the language of betrayal and its consequence, retribution, is at the heart of politics. Communism did create "a people", out of the war that never ended, out of shared sacrifice and an ideology of common aspiration. There was a people ready to find its voice at the moment when it saw the emperor had no clothes, and cry betrayal when it saw the emperor's clothes were bought with their sacrifice. In a communist country, where ideology rules, leaders and people alike were expected to work and suffer, for ideological reasons.

The last political leader in Britain to speak a tatty version of the common need for sacrifice was Jim Callaghan. He didn't have a great way with words, and his thoughts on incomes policy and the Social Contract mark 2 stirred few breasts. Or rather, they stirred a furious determination among certain workers not to be sacrificed to a Labour incomes policy. But the rhetoric of sacrifice was used and understood. And one of its main points (rhetorical) was that the sacrifice of the many was necessary if the poverty of the (relatively) few was to be tackled. That too was understood. It failed not just because decades of capitalist ideology have left little purchase in our hearts for an ideology of sacrifice. It failed also because few actually believed that sacrifice would make any significant difference to the life of the poor.

In the years of early capitalism, the link between the enormous wealth of the few and the great poverty of the masses was more evident. That link produced socialism's most powerful rhetoric. It is a rhetoric still used today—as last week when Michael Meacher contrasted the income of Sir Ralph Halpern with that of people living on benefit. But those images, of wealth and poverty, will not do. Not because we have reached the end of the era when capital is made from the exploitation of labour. Rather because the links are infinitely more diffuse and varied.

Between the very poor and very rich stands a great wadge of the relatively comfortable, who have no visible link to the exploitation of anyone. Do we, the concerned and comfortable, any more make links between our comfort and the poverty we expect Labour to inveigh against on our behalf? And what would we say if Labour decided that that nice £50,000 we "earned", simply through the good luck of owning property during a property boom, should be taxed? Do we know how much of our wealth has been made possible through the debt repayments which have plunged the third world into catastrophic poverty and ill health?

Perhaps we do. All the evidence we have suggests Britain is more egalitarian in its aspirations, more concerned about "the poor" than are the well-off in most third world countries. What is lacking is not the concern, nor necessarily the policies, although much detailed work needs to be done there. What is missing are new political arguments which would make desirable policies self-evidently necessary. The old arguments with their cast of victims, betrayers, and villains won't do.

The new arguments must centre on a concept of citizenship which guarantees not only political rights but the right to housing and other basic needs such as health care. Without such arguments, there is little we can say about the poor but, oh what a shame, with brass knobs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shamir's sham

The storm over the sacking of Israeli minister Ezer Weizman for daring to talk to Palestinians, and its resolution through a rather shabby compromise leaving the coalition government intact, have been a short-term farce obscuring a long-term tragedy. Ezer Weizman is a brave as well as an astute politician, but he has only made public what dozens of Israeli leaders have been doing in secret. Contacts with the PLO have been taking place for months now, at all levels. If we wanted to stir up trouble, we could name a dozen Israeli MPs who've fraternised with the PLO in London alone. The meeting for which Weizman was sacked was not a solo sortie. The former minister was, as the Israeli press reported last week, acting as go-between from Labour leader Shimon Peres to Arafat. The legal ban on such meetings is a piece of institutionalised hypocrisy by Shamir's government. It panders to the most bigoted elements of the Israeli electorate; and it fools only them, if anyone.

There is no alternative to face-to-face talks—except unending bloodshed. Yet Shamir and the Likud cannot, will not, do what must be done. That makes them the biggest barrier to peace in the Middle East. This in turn means that movement can only come if the coalition is broken and Labour, spurning not only only Likud but its own hawks under Itzhak Rabin, can form a coalition with the small left-wing parties (Mapam, Shinui, Ratz, and PLP) who openly favour Palestinian self-determination. The Weizman affair provided the opportunity for such a break. Labour did not have the political courage to grasp it. The price of their cowardice will be paid in blood—some of it Israeli but most of it Palestinian.

Arabia Infelix

This week a small earthquake struck Jordan. Prime minister Mudar Badran told the country's new parliament that he would lift 30-year-old bans on the legality of communism and opposition parties. Deep in the Arab world's desert of autocracy, something has stirred. Badran's tiny step towards pluralism merits a medium-sized cheer. It may prompt western pundits now toasting freedom's triumph to ask why the Arab nations should not join the party. As yet, no Intifada threatens the various dynasts and dictators of the Levant and the Gulf (and remember that Syria has itself locked up and tortured senior PLO officers). No-one in the west seems to care—as long as the bullies don't bankroll Abu Nidal. So new year paeans to liberty should still carry George Orwell's sour caveat: "not counting niggers".

That despots such as Iraq's Saddam Hussain and Syria's Hafiz al Assad should dominate the region is no more an iron law than the eternal rule of Nicolae Ceausescu. If he can end his days as a video nasty, so can they. But the obstacles to Arab *glasnost* remain huge. Anti-Zionism has buttressed one tyrannical clique after another. Organised opposition tends to be ethnic (like the Iraqi Kurds), fundamentalist (the Muslim Brotherhood in Egypt) or hard-core Stalinist (such as Syria's Communists). Those liberals who do emerge either keep quiet or vote with their feet and wring their hands from Paris or Toronto. That makes the changes in Jordan, whose King Hussein has his own black record of detention and torture, worth watching. The west takes it for granted that Arabs and democracy can't mix. That smug piece of cultural folklore urgently needs a challenge.

Crystal balls

The *New Statesman and Society* computer, interfaced with a specially commissioned new translation of Nostradamus, cross-referenced with some specially imported seaweed and compared with the leaves at the bottom of the office teapot have come up with the following predictions for the '90s. Rip this page out and check off the following predictions on 31 December 1999:

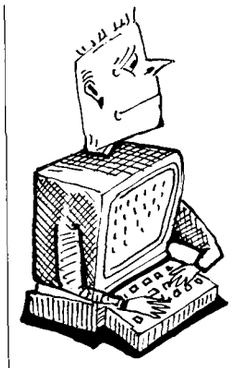
- Inflation will be brought down to three figures and the chancellor will comment: "Yes, but do you remember the winter of discontent when the people of Britain were not even allowed to bury their dead? No? Come to think of it, neither do I."
- After years of excavation in the layers of hamburger cartons in McDonalds Square, archaeologists will announce an amazing discovery. "It is apparently a tribute to a medieval pole dweller. The find is in miraculous condition—only an arm is missing."
- Mrs Thatcher will shave three tenths of a second off her record for reaching the scene of a disaster.
- London Transport will announce that 17 people now commute on the Underground service each day. However the proposed raising of the standard fare to £5 million should reduce numbers to manageable proportions.
- Mr Kinnock, leader of the Greed is Good party, will propose Ivan Boesky and Milton Friedman for KBEs.
- An upsurge of public protest led by an imprisoned writer will sweep Europe's last remaining despot from office. Margaret and Cecil will be executed after a brief televised trial. An unshaven and haggard Kenneth Baker will be hauled before the cameras, pleading that he had only been obeying orders. President Rushdie will announce a new constitution and call free elections. West Russian tabloids will express fears about the readiness of the British population to deal with the novelty of democracy.

A faltering union

At the end of last year, lost among the Romanian drama, the Lithuanian Communist Party voted overwhelmingly to secede from its Soviet parent. This event may hold more significance for the coming year than the overthrow of Ceaucescu. Gorbachev's resolution for the new year is presumably the same as President Andrew Jackson's in 1830: "Our Federal Union: it must be preserved."

Gorbachev's dismissal last year of a multi-party system as "rubbish" was the response of a leader who would prefer to deal with his crises one at a time. He would rather let the question of a pluralist political system wait in line behind economic and nationalist problems. But as the different peoples of the USSR discover politics, their first demand is for independence from Moscow; and so Gorbachev's troubles are all ganging up against him at once.

His response is to opt for some form of strengthened federalism to stave off the disintegration. But whether genuine, voluntary federalism—as opposed to a union imposed by the threat of military force—can exist without political pluralism must be open to doubt. To cement the federation he needs to demonstrate that there are advantages in being a Soviet citizen as well as a Lithuanian or a Georgian. But the alleged economic benefits of union must seem highly doubtful in the comparatively prosperous Baltic states; and the military benefits have become less obvious in a world where, thanks to Gorbachev himself, the prospect of war becomes ever more remote. Being leader of the USSR shows no sign of getting any easier in the 1990s.



New Year's Day must be tough on news editors, but the jaw dropped slightly at the *Guardian*'s lead story on Tuesday: "Law reform set to curb jailings". This item, on John Patten's proposed changes to the criminal justice system, has made more public appearances than a cold Christmas turkey, and each new airing is a tribute to Mr Patten's news-management skills. But surely even environment friendly newspapers have a limit to the number of times they can recycle a story?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Charter wrongs

I found Stuart Weir's article "celebrating" Charter 88 (1 December) of great interest. In Canada, we have had a constitutionally entrenched Charter of Rights since 1982. However, Charter advocates here may be interested to know that many progressive Canadians have become rather disenchanted with our version of abstract rights and freedoms.

Canada's Charter has been used by employers to roll back statutory gains made by workers. And attempts to invoke it to protect a right to strike or include secondary picketing activities have failed. Upholding the guarantees of procedural fairness often masks a tolerance of substantive injustice, particularly in the area of penal reform and prisoners' rights. These are but a few specific examples.

The point about constitutional documents is that they give huge powers to judges. For it is the judiciary who will define and limit Charter rights. And, as the American example has most clearly shown, judicial interpretations vary with the politics of the judges themselves (and, ultimately, who is appointing them).

Weir comments that Charter 88 would "give citizens real rights which no unrepresentative parliamentary majority could steal away". Perhaps not. But you will have an unelected élite of predominantly wealthy white men telling you what those rights mean.

This is merely a suggestion that one ought to proceed cautiously in this area. The ills of Thatcherite conservatism will not be overcome by reifying the promise of abstract liberalism.

Didi Herman
273 Ellerslie
Toronto, Ontario
Canada

Insult to Christians

I wish to protest, very strongly, against your choice of cover illustration for your 15 December issue. You should know better, and your readers deserve better of you, than to use pornographic illustrations to spice up what is presumably intended as a serious discussion of censorship.

I have to suppose that my

reaction, which will not be uncommon, will have been foreseen by whoever chose the picture, and you will have to accept that some of your dwindling band of subscribers will be lost (I am held by an attachment to the back pages and some sympathy with the magazine's politics).

What sort of casual passer-by, attracted by the image, will buy a copy from a newsagent? What are you trying to achieve by insulting Christians and Christianity in this way?

There is plenty of evil and simple bloody-mindedness in the world today; enough to keep your reforming instincts at full stretch. Why do you choose to offend people who are so much on the same side as you?

Next week, when you portray Muhammad *in flagrante* with his houris in Paradise, my reaction might not be so immediate but I hope it would be very similar—but then again you wouldn't do that, would you?

John Sweetman
299 Old Worting Road
Basingstoke
Hampshire

Bach bares his Soul

In his piece on blasphemy and sexual love (15 December), Derek Jarman cites Bach as a touchstone of artistic standards but not as a practising blasphemer. Several Cantatas include erotic dialogues between Jesus and the Soul, in line with a long tradition in Christian music. One such is "Sleepers Wake"; it is so well known that aspiring censors could be forgiven for not having the courage to get it banned. But they could try Cantata 49. To hear this work, you have to visit a sleazy record shop in central London for a performance in which the Soul is sung with provocative ecstasy by a 12-year-old boy.

David Knight
Field Cottage
Kingston
Sussex

Cashing in on poverty

Congratulations to Robin Simpson and his colleagues in the National Consumer Council for their unstinting efforts in exposing all that is wrong with the EC Common Agricultural Policy, which found clear expression in the excellent article, "Feeding Poverty" (8 December).

I would add two points. First, the adverse effect domestically of the CAP handouts is unfortunately not restricted to high consumer prices. Their environmental damage is becoming increasingly apparent as agribusinessmen choke the fertile topsoil with nitrogen fertiliser and thus threaten to turn vast tracts of our farming land into arid dustbowls.

Second, Simpson is quite right in exploding the myth that self-sufficiency in food is a good thing for Europe. I would go even further and say that it is a positive barrier to improving trading relations with the third world. This was the great mistake made by the Brandt Report in the late seventies, which failed to recognise that only by allowing developing nations to sell their produce on the open world market can they earn both the revenue which will enable them to provide adequate sanitation and health care, and the resources for basic investment.

This is not, however, tantamount to encouraging third world countries to gear their agriculture solely to cash crops. What many people fail to realise is that once the EC (and the US) ceases its dubious practice of dumping food surpluses on world markets, third world farmers will find it worthwhile to produce food at realistic prices which would be sufficient for both domestic consumption and export markets.

Walter Cairns
38 Ten Acres Lane
Newton Heath
Manchester

THIS ENGLAND

£5 book tokens for entries printed. (Postcards please)

● Students laid about on pavements "like refugees", threw about food and upset residents.

This was the view of Cllr Mrs Eva Waring, who said plans to extend Esher College were wrong. Mrs Waring told a reporter that the bad behaviour of students came from those educated in the state system only. "Privately educated children do not behave like this."—*Esher Mail and News* (Polly Graham)

● Make a gift of history—the Berlin Wall mounted on a polished Italian marble base with an engraved metal plaque. An attractive, original and stylish gift. Also available: Berlin Wall keyring fobs (£2.50); Berlin Wall presentation boxes. (£4.99)—Ad in the *Observer* (Nina Hibbin)

● I've always been keen on my children. I'm not a father who finds them a damned nuisance. When they used to go down to the seaside with their nanny to Frinton, or wherever, we'd always go down and spend a week with them. So we were keen, and they responded to that.—Nicholas Coleridge's (director of Condé Nast) father in the *Sunday Times* (Diana Eden)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rape fantasies

I read, with a growing sense of sorrow, Sue Lees's excellent articles in *NSS* (24 November and 1 December) about the way the law treats victims of rape. The fact that someone I know was raped by her uncle brings the whole argument closer to home.

I agree with many of her recommendations about how the system could be changed. However, in her articles, she discounts the fact that men can be falsely accused of rape. And for a man to undergo a legal action on the charge of rape when in fact he's innocent is just as horrifying for him as the experience of women who have been raped, but see their assailants acquitted —especially since, ever afterwards, it is likely to be assumed that the man was guilty, even though innocent.

When I was about 18, a friend, then aged about 16, had a nervous breakdown and had to be hospitalised. During her interviews with various psychiatrists she claimed that I had had sex with her when she'd been 14—ie, I was guilty of statutory rape. The first I heard of this was when visiting her in mental hospital, after she was much better: she apologised for having made the claim, and said that it had been a fantasy of hers. I thought her courage in admitting this to me was amazing.

To my great good fortune, the psychiatrists had realised the accusation was a fantasy—otherwise my life could have been utterly destroyed, because, whatever happened at an ensuing trial, I would never have been able to shake off the stigma that *perhaps* I'd been guilty.

There must have been many cases of men accused in similar circumstances where the woman did not, afterwards, have the courage of my friend. Unless Sue Lees's arguments include at least a recognition of this point, they're likely to be dismissed as one-sided—which would be a great pity, because there is so much force in them. Women do have rape fantasies: they're not just a male invention.

Name and address supplied

Change the tablets

Sue Lees was not suggesting that men's rights should be "thrown away" in rape trials as James Allen claims (1 December). But in a system which works so implacably against the special and particular needs of rape victims, the "due processes of law" he mentions are clearly going wrong somewhere.

Unlike Mr Allen, I don't believe our legal system was handed down from the sky on tablets of stone and is immune from new thinking. In fact, in a society where three out of four reported rapes do not result in a conviction, and one in ten victims are too terrified or disillusioned to report the offence in the first place, I'd say a massive shake-up was long overdue.

Andrew Stewart
Lightwater
Surrey

Southern comforts

I found Maria Manning's article "On the Tebbit Express" (8 December) a very informative treatment of a little-discussed subject. But I was disappointed about several points which reveal more about her own southern prejudices than the people she writes about.

Her comment that "non-sexist terms have never caught on in the north-west"—whereas they are prevalent in the south-east—was patronising. Her translation of "made up" as delighted, was unnecessary and turns speech into something foreign, implying that language has a (southern-defined) homogeneity.

Instances such as these exposed the weaknesses in a member of a privileged section of society writing about the underprivileged and show a parochialism as strong as that of the "provincials" portrayed.

Mary Creagh
249 Cowley Road
Oxford

EDITOR'S NOTE: Maria Manning was born and bred in Liverpool, and comes from a family not untouched by unemployment. The translation of "made up" was in fact a joke at southerners' expense.

The writer's eyes

Jenny Diski's article on Dennis Potter's TV drama *Blackeyes* represents a disappointingly predictable reaction. The structure of the drama is not "convoluted": Potter constructs different levels of reality/fiction, and different levels of authorship perfectly clearly.

Blackeyes the character does not "accede rather willingly to the lust of her male employers", except when she is being written by the male, Kingsley. She frantically tries to defend herself from violent rape, or responds with indifference to the idea of sex, when being written by the woman, Jessica.

It is precisely this interface between woman as subject and woman as object, wherein the subject-woman attempts to re-write the sexual experience of the object-woman, while retaining woman's own desire and desirability, surely, which is at the heart of Potter's discourse.

Jessica is not being denied a voice, but rather, she is shown to have a voice, the expression of which is distressingly difficult because she is trying to make it heard through the male-dominated channel of writing, and trying to make it challenge the deceptively facile language of male-constructed desire.

If Potter, as a man, has to stop his dialogue short of any solution, at least he has gone further with exposing a struggle here than a position which declares it is no longer at all relevant to critically portray women as mere objects of male desire.

Lucy Green
5 Dryden Avenue
London W7

Fundamental divide

RW Johnson's confession (15 December) that the left is now in a state of perplexion is not at all surprising. From the very outset, the left's strategic response to the assertiveness of Muslim fundamentalism has been rather naive and patronising. Instead of choosing to attempt to analyse the raison d'etre of Islamic militancy in a historical perspective, the left merely dismissed it as a reaction to the growing menace of white racism.

The left somehow overlooked the fact that separatism—both in the political and religious sense—is inherent in the fundamentals of Islam.

All Muslims, whether living in Islamic Pakistan or secular Britain, must adhere to religious edicts issued by a foreign-based religious authority. Since in Islam religion and politics are inseparable, religious *fatwas* or edicts often have political undertones. This puts a big question mark on the national affinity of the Muslim minority living in a non-Muslim country.

If the left thinks the time factor and exposure to western ideas might one day dilute the politico-religious fervour of Britain's Muslim minority, then it is sadly mistaken. In Islam, religious affinity takes precedence over territorial nationalism. Change in the religious perception of a Muslim minority living in any secular democracy can only be activated at the power base of Islam, ie, Middle-Eastern countries. Given the political and religious turmoil that is now going on in the Middle East, what is the probability of that change taking place?

Randhir Singh Bains
Essex
Full address supplied

Body matters

It is good to see the *NSS* (8 December) reviewing the *New Our Bodies Ourselves*. However, I am concerned that the reader may have been misled about the contents from Rosalind Coward's appraisal.

We do not insist on the "superiority of the 'natural'" or suggest that it is necessarily "good and benign". Neither do we suggest that "wholeness" and "harmony" will bring total health which can resist any illness, nor that "if you believe in God, you might get better". In the discussion on healing, for example, much space is devoted to disabusing people of such notions.

And, contrary to the impression given, the book *does* extensively consider the limitations of alternative medicine and the problematic area of self-help, including the bandwagon of "healthism" and the dangers inherent in "blaming the victim".

Jill Rakusen
Co-author of "New Our Bodies Ourselves"
Honley
Huddersfield

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIARY

"Death is not an event in life," said Wittgenstein. "We do not live to experience death." If any writer struggled against that paradox it was Samuel Beckett. Death haunted his writing from the beginning of his career to the end, and in his final pared-down works, like *Worstward Ho* and *Stirrings Still*, he seemed to have approached as close to the experience of final dissolution as would be possible without actually falling silent and ceasing to write altogether.

Sean French

And with the integrity that marked every aspect of his life and work, his death itself seemed to be the great man's final sardonic utterance. He always insisted, against all the evidence, that he was born on Good Friday the 13th of April, 1906. So, having been born when Christ died, Beckett died at the time of Christ's birth.

The leading characters of *Waiting for Godot* enviously note the relative smallness of the Saviour's sufferings compared with their own: "Where he lived it was warm, it was dry!...And they crucified quick." Beckett was a man who did not so much fear death as regret that he had ever been born, and it seems an appropriately comic little blasphemy that he should have lived Christ's life in reverse.

There's been something equally amusing about the TV reports on the supposedly withdrawn, reclusive playwright. From the accounts provided by his obituarists, it is clear that the term "recluse" can mean nothing more than that Beckett suffered from that condition which is most baffling to the modern mind, an unwillingness to appear on television.

In reality, while professing gloom and observing the essential loneliness of the human condition, Beckett seems to have led a social life that might have taxed Oscar Wilde. Commentators have rightly observed that he is the great poet of old age, its illnesses and encumbrances, its enforced isolation, its poverty. But his own old age was spent in the most concentrated and productive flurry of work of his life, with the exception of the four years in his forties when he wrote *Waiting for Godot* and the trilogy of novels, *Molloy*, *Malone Dies* and *The Unnamable*. Apart from writing masterly new works in French, he also translated them into English, directed his plays in three different languages and supervised television versions of others. He also maintained a proprietorial eye on versions of his plays produced by others (forbidding a proposed film version of *Waiting for Godot* by, among others, Roman Polanski). He permitted a substantial biography to be written, conducted a wide correspondence, and made himself available to virtually anybody who wished to meet him—including, on one fraught occasion, me.

I've since read that he had come to consider *Waiting for Godot* a millstone round his neck. All the more remarkable then was his generosity in agreeing to meet an adolescent who had directed the play at school, and his courtliness in being so patient and polite while his own play was explained to him. He didn't say much, but his voice was remarkable, soft and with the singular accent of a man now at home in French. I hope that there is a recording of it somewhere so it hasn't been lost for ever.

I met him in a pub opposite the Royal Court Theatre on the first night of his own production of his play, *Happy Days*, starring Billie Whitelaw. He began to liven up as my presence was diluted by the arrival of various old Royal Court friends like Lindsay Anderson and the stage designer, Jocelyn Herbert. Soon this misanthropic recluse was nursing his half-pint of Guinness at the centre of a large crowd of people.

As well as being his own first night it had also been the date of the first ever election in Britain for the European Parliament. When the subject was raised Beckett admitted cheerfully that he had only voted once in his life, as a young man in Ireland when his father had given him a pound to vote for a particular candidate.

Beckett has never shown any interest in the trivia of day to day politics but his reputation for being apolitical is entirely undeserved. In the famous book, *Authors Take Sides on the Spanish Civil War*, published in 1937, Beckett's response consisted of just three words: "¡Up the Republic!"

When the second world war broke out it would have been understandable if Beckett had moved from endangered France to neutral Ireland. Instead he did the opposite: "I preferred France in war to Ireland in peace," he once informed an interviewer sardonically, adding with characteristic reticence that "I was [in Paris] up to 1942 and then I had to leave, so I went to the Vaucluse—because of the Germans." He didn't mention that he was awarded the Croix de Guerre for his work in the Resistance which nearly cost him his life.

Beckett had written *Murphy*, an outstanding comic novel, before the war but I suspect that it was his time hiding as a farm labourer in Vichy that created the unique imaginative landscape of his drama and fiction. He was already a pessimistic atheist but those years of boredom mixed with fear in a dreary countryside setting showed him that 20th century reality was worse than his most fearful imaginings.

Political writers like Edward Bond considered Beckett's work bourgeois and defeatist but this view was not shared by the inmates of San Quentin who were so deeply affected by a performance of *Godot* or by devotees in Eastern Europe, like Vaclav Havel.

Plenty of reputable literary authorities cannot bear Beckett's work, considering it arid and self-indulgent, but there already seems something archaic about the controversy his work provokes. When he was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1969, one dissenting voice was provided by a *New Statesman* columnist who also happens to be a close relation of mine ("accursed progenitor", as Hamm says of his father in Beckett's *Endgame*), asserting that "minimal art usually excites only minimal interest in me."

Another Philip—Larkin—wrote with rage of the modern writer who "has written poems resembling the kind of pictures typists make with their machines during the coffee break, or a novel in gibberish, or a play in which the characters sit in dustbins."

Which living writer could now be the subject of such anger? Beckett was the last hero of modernism, and hero is the right word, both in his life and his work. There is almost no distinction. In the beautiful closing words of Beckett's final story, *Stirrings Still*, he seems to experience death itself with pen in hand: "Such and much more such the hubbub in his mind so-called till nothing left from deep within but only ever fainter oh to end. No matter how no matter where. Time and grief and self so-called. Oh all to end."

People sometimes talk about who they would most like to meet in the world. That was no problem for me because I had already met him. Now I've got to think of someone else.

ROGER WODDIS

Panamania

I have a dream
That one day an American president
Will rise up and say to the world,
We hold certain lies to be self-evident,
That when we invade small countries
For the alleged purpose of saving democracy,
No one would take us seriously,
Apart, of course, from a British prime minister.

I have a dream
That a leader in the White House,
Who backs the world's biggest butchers
From China and Cambodia to the Americas,
To defend the bucks he holds most dear,
Will talk of life and liberty under God
With hand on heart,
And will keep a straight face.

Well, we can all dream...

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Memories of the future

The shadow of the past hangs over the new map of Europe. With a newly powerful Germany and a decaying Soviet empire, the Europe of 2000 may look ominously like that of the early years of this century. R W Johnson challenges British politicians, left and right, to recognise the new power relations within Europe, and forge an Anglo-French alliance

Returning from his recent foray to Berlin, Mr Kinnock ("Führer Kinnock" as he is in the German press) called on Mrs Thatcher to show her commitment to change in eastern Europe by launching a public review of British defence policy. The US, he pointed out, was talking about troop reductions, the Germans were not going to allow the modernisation of short-range weapons, and NATO was discussing mutual withdrawal of short-range weapons from Germany. Once again, he said, "there is a consensus with one exception, Mrs Thatcher".

One can only sympathise with Mr Kinnock's pacifist feelings. But he was wrong about Mrs Thatcher being the sole exception. A few days earlier President Mitterrand had explained how he felt about the Bush-Gorbachev meeting in Malta: "People said to me, you should have gone to Malta. But after all, they couldn't decide Europe's fate in Malta! They didn't try, and anyway they lack the means. They talked of the things that interested them, of their two empires. In particular they discussed disarmament. If they'd asked me to go, I would have refused! I have no wish to sit at a table on which I have nothing to put, and I have no wish at all to put anything on the table as long as they still have thousands and thousands of nuclear warheads facing the three or four hundred of France."

There is further pause for thought in the fact that not a few of those warheads sit atop France's Pluto missile which, with its 120-kilometre range, can hit Frankfurt but not Leipzig, let alone Moscow. Moreover, France is going firmly ahead with Pluto's 300-kiloton replacement, Hades, which, when it is introduced in 1992, will have a 480 km range—able to hit Hungary or Poland but not, say, Romania.

If pressed, the French say that these weapons could one day become part of the European Community's nuclear arsenal. And, after all, if the community does one day stretch from the Atlantic to the Urals, the Hades might end up in silos deep inside western Russia, watching over Europe's borders with the Muslim world of Central Asia...

It would be unfair to belabour Mr Kinnock for not having thought about all this, for the truth is that he is hardly alone. One of the things that stands most starkly revealed by the pace of recent European events is the sheer parochialism of British politics and politicians. Mrs Thatcher not only opines that any change in German borders must wait for ten or 15 years—as if she has control over the matter—but actually boasts that eastern Europe's new birth of freedom is inspired by Thatcherism's (ie, her own) achievements. No doubt she believes that Leipzig buzzes with admiration for her plans for Health Service reform and that Budapest is agog over the Uniform Business Rate.

But even Mrs Thatcher's myopia probably has less to do with such heroic delusions of self-importance than with the starker fact that old, simple Cold War Europe was all she ever knew. She's used to responding to every new situation with the cry that we must maintain the strongest possible defence etc, just as Mr Kinnock is used to finding in that situation yet another good reason for disarmament. This is really just knee-jerk stuff, when what the situation needs is some sense of historical depth.

As we move into the 1990s, one might do worse than examine the proposition that Europe in the year 2000 will look a lot more like Europe in 1900 than in, say, 1925, 1955 or 1985. Consider how Czarist Russia had, in the years before 1914, become almost ungovernable—a vast, decaying, empire, overripe from decades of corruption, nepotism and awesome inefficiency, holding together against revolution and separatist challenges only by brute repression. Are there not parallels with Gorbachev's USSR today?

Russian power, for long presumed absolute, has twice been undermined by a debacle in an Asian war: against Japan then, Afghanistan now. And as the monolith of Muscovy decays, Ukrainians, Poles and Lithuanians long only to be free, then and now. Central and eastern Europe, for long held quiet under an iron imperial grip (Czarist and Austro-Hungarian then, Soviet now), is racked by an alarming effervescence, with everything up for grabs.

Remember, too, the terrible trouble in the Balkans as Serbs, Slavs, Bulgars and Montenegrins destroyed Ottoman power, pushed Turkey out of Europe, and then warred with one another. How different are those quarrels today? Yugoslavia is about to decompose into Serbia and Slovenia, strife between other national groups is rife, and the sudden rush of potential eastern European applicants to join the EC has the effect of pushing Turkey back down the queue, away from Europe again.

Within western Europe the overriding reality of the first years of this century was the rising power of Wilhelmine Germany, pushing further

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ahead of France and Britain with every passing year. The immense economic power of the Reich expanded into central and eastern Europe, dwarfing Austria and threatening Russia's imperial grip. In this case, comparisons between then and now seem otiose.

For its part, Britain, apparently under its own self-imposed spell of splendid isolation, still worries about the rise of German power; actually *feels* more gut animosity towards the ancient enemy, France; has vague moral crises about its role in South Africa (granting white-ruled Union then, refusing sanctions now); and in fact has to cope mainly with the violent nationalist fruits of its long mistreatment of Ireland.

And France, *la pauvre France*, views the situation with more perceptiveness than anyone else but feels overwhelmed by the rising sun of Germany. She is only too nervously aware of how prone she is to collapse before a challenge: in 1870-71 against Bismarck; in 1940 again against *les Boches*; in 1958 over Algeria; and in 1968 against herself. Such crises lead to much self-knowledge, and to a terrible self-doubt. Psychologically, it leaves one needing allies.

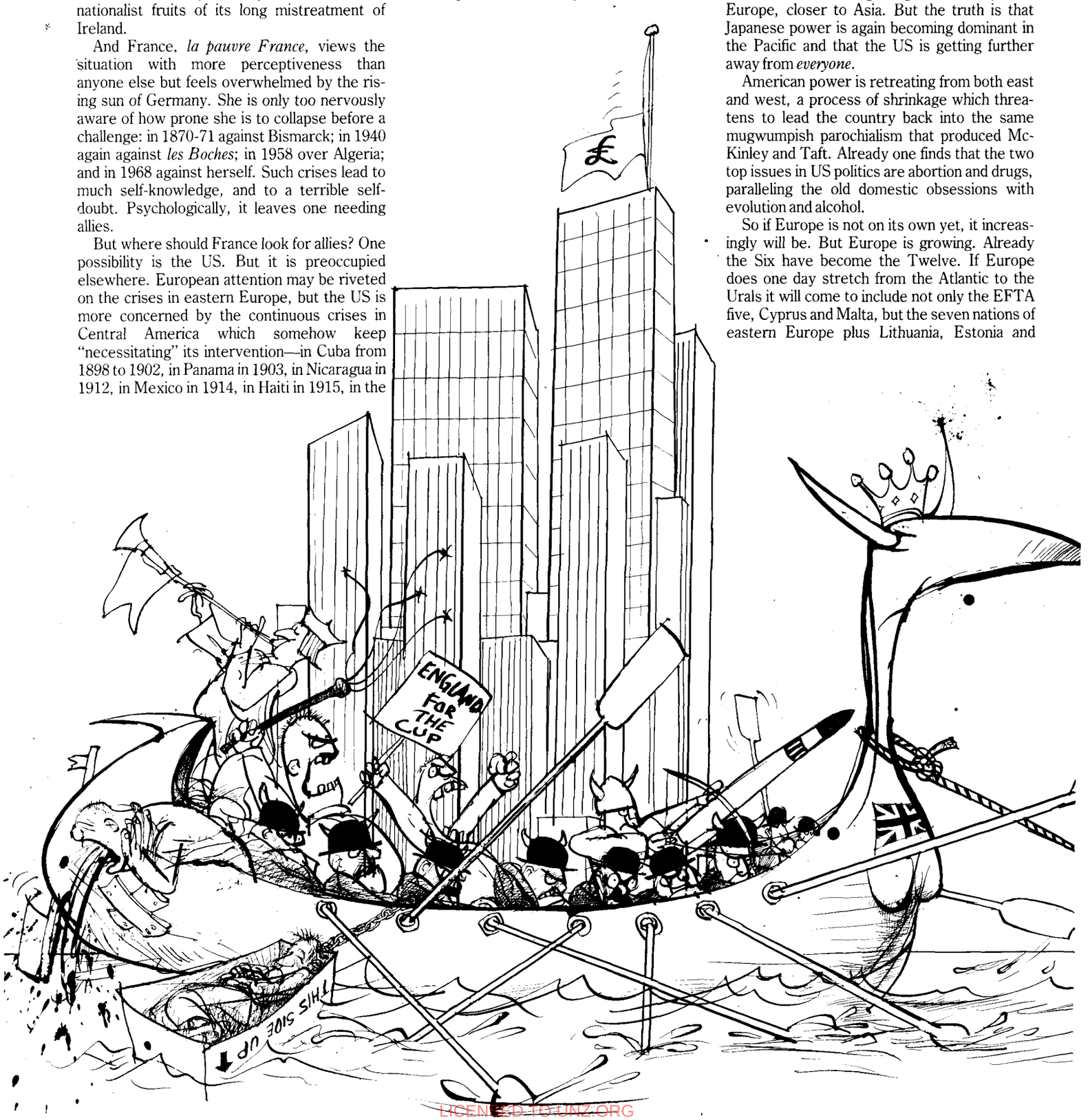
But where should France look for allies? One possibility is the US. But it is preoccupied elsewhere. European attention may be riveted on the crises in eastern Europe, but the US is more concerned by the continuous crises in Central America which somehow keep "necessitating" its intervention—in Cuba from 1898 to 1902, in Panama in 1903, in Nicaragua in 1912, in Mexico in 1914, in Haiti in 1915, in the Dominican Republic in 1916... and in 1989/90 it's Panama again, following on from Grenada, El Salvador and Nicaragua.

The other great American concern was with the terrifying power of the huge Russian Empire—until Japan's easy victory over Russia in 1905 made it clear that Japan was a far greater threat. As the full extent of Japanese power and ambition became apparent, America began to panic about the Japanese taking over California. The hysterical demand for discrimination against Japan led to anti-American riots in Tokyo in 1906 and the despatch of 16 US battleships to intimidate Japan with a vast show of naval power. Today the American public again sees Japan as having eclipsed Russia as the chief threat to American power. There are similar fears about a Japanese takeover, similar demands for (trade) discrimination against Japan, the same knowledge that the final bottom line is US military supremacy.

The real difference today is that the US has troops in Europe. But even here we may be heading back to 1900—Cruise and Pershing have already gone, tactical nukes will probably soon follow and there is talk of a sweeping 50 per cent US troop reduction. It is fashionable to assert that the US is getting further away from Europe, closer to Asia. But the truth is that Japanese power is again becoming dominant in the Pacific and that the US is getting further away from *everyone*.

American power is retreating from both east and west, a process of shrinkage which threatens to lead the country back into the same mugwumpish parochialism that produced McKinley and Taft. Already one finds that the two top issues in US politics are abortion and drugs, paralleling the old domestic obsessions with evolution and alcohol.

So if Europe is not on its own yet, it increasingly will be. But Europe is growing. Already the Six have become the Twelve. If Europe does one day stretch from the Atlantic to the Urals it will come to include not only the EFTA five, Cyprus and Malta, but the seven nations of eastern Europe plus Lithuania, Estonia and



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Latvia, the Ukraine, Byelorussia, Karelia, Moldavia, Komi, Kalmyk, Armenia, Azerbaijan, Bashkir and West Russia—making it the Europe of the Thirty-eight or, if by some chance there were still two Germanies, the Thirty-nine.

At which point one pauses to reflect that the European superstate we are looking at has a certain history. It is the Eurasia of Orwell's *1984*. Or, more tellingly, it is Hitler's Europe with a few additions: the eastern boundary of the superstate lies at pretty much the high-tide mark of the German advance into Russia in 1942, with four great frontier cities marking the eastern edge—Perm, Kuybyshev, Astrakhan and Volvograd (Stalingrad). And, without doubt, Germany will again be the dominant power within Eurasia: the imminent promise of Kaiser Wilhelm's Reich will at last be fulfilled.

All century Germany has been straining towards such a position. Other powers have twice fought world wars to prevent such a development, and in both 1919 and 1945 they cut Germany territorially down to size in order to make such future ambition impossible. As we head towards 2000 it looks as if all those efforts were simply a delaying operation.

Britain was, of course, a pivotal state in that long attempt to contain the expansion of German power—and its natural ally was France. Today this is again the logic of Britain's position, though our political élite seems blind to the fact. (Of all Britain's postwar premiers the only one to have sought such a privileged entente with France was Edward Heath—hardly coincidentally, also the only one to share the dream of a Greater Europe.)

Our attitudes towards nuclear weapons reveal our confusions all too well. For the Tories, having the Bomb is all to do with imperial delusions about Britain's continuing role as a world power. Labour has got itself into the extraordinary position of arguing that while it was right to be against the Bomb in 1983 when the cold war was at its height, it has changed its mind in favour of the Bomb now because, er, the cold war is over. Neither position is coherent.

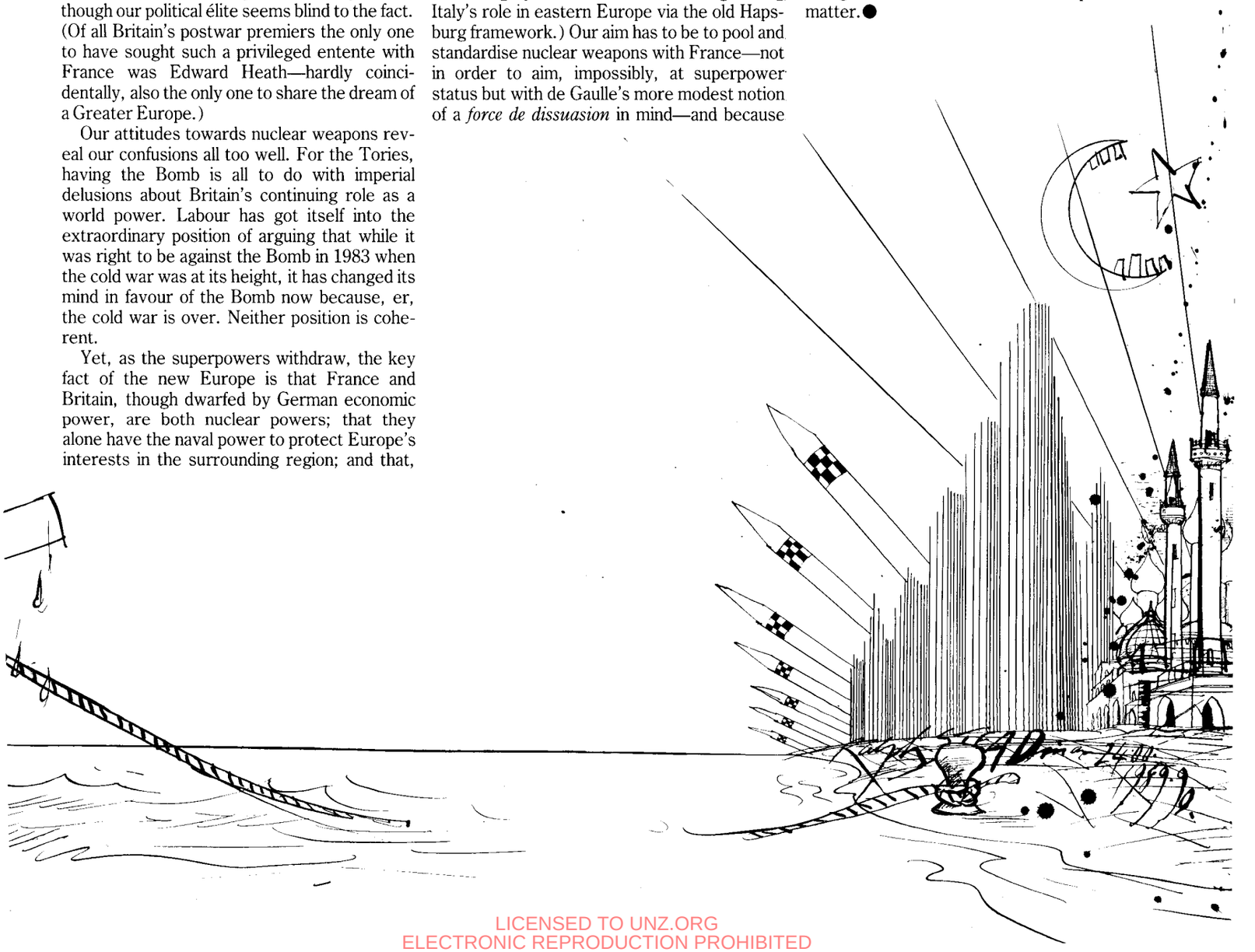
Yet, as the superpowers withdraw, the key fact of the new Europe is that France and Britain, though dwarfed by German economic power, are both nuclear powers; that they alone have the naval power to protect Europe's interests in the surrounding region; and that, thanks to their imperial past, both have unrivalled connections and experience in the wider world. This alone is enough to guarantee that if Britain and France can speak with only one voice they will, inevitably, be the decisive influence on the EC's defence and foreign policy. And only such an entente can balance German power. (Within the ultimate Eurasia a junior third partner in such an entente would, presumably, be the Ukraine—a major agro-industrial state as well as a nuclear power.)

To be sure, British and French interests are not the same—France, for example, sensibly fears Germany's industrial competition more, while Britain frets mainly about Frankfurt's threat to London in the financial markets. But the logic of such an entente is such that even under Maggie's gaze—neither benign nor comprehending—the interpenetration of Britain and France moves ahead. The French take over our water companies, Raleigh take over Peugeot cycles; the Tunnel pushes ahead and the TGV will soon make its welcome appearance at Dover.

Most politicians would probably treat the notion of a political entente as quaintly old-fashioned. But the logic of our position will drive us, ineluctably, back to the world of pre-1914. (Italy has already responded to this trend by holding conference with Yugoslavia, Austria and Hungary with the aim of strengthening Italy's role in eastern Europe via the old Hapsburg framework.) Our aim has to be to pool and standardise nuclear weapons with France—not in order to aim, impossibly, at superpower status but with de Gaulle's more modest notion of a *force de dissuasion* in mind—and because nothing else will so bind the two countries together.

The real danger to Britain lies in the sheer parochialism and insularity of its political élite. To an alarming degree, on both left and right, international concerns still focus on empire—Ireland, the Falklands, Hong Kong and South Africa. The larger geopolitical questions about our role within the emerging Eurasia are hardly discussed. How should we best develop an entente—what do we have to offer the French? Is our economic future just to become the off-shore banking centre of the new Eurasia? And, above all, do we want the role of Pretorian Guard?

In the eighteenth century we made extensive use of mercenary troops in Europe—notably Saxons. Are we to become the mercenaries at the behest of those richer Saxons now? An off-shore Sparta, clinging to corporal punishment, single-sex education, an antique monarchy and all the other trappings of the primitive warrior state. A Britain famous for its military discipline, its taste for ceremonial, and its brawling, rampaging soccer hooligans—the new Vikings, who strike terror into the hearts of our softer, more civilised southern neighbours. It would be nice to think there were alternatives to such a future; but it would be nicer still to think they were actually being thought about and talked about in the places that matter.●



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Working for London

Stephanie Williams talks to Terry Farrell who is re-designing the capital

Terry Farrell is set to make a greater impression on the face of London over the next decade than any single architect since Nash. Farrell first came to fame as the man who put the eggs in cups on the top of the TV-am building back in 1983.

His offices are in a former aeroworks factory, behind a seedy stretch of the Paddington end of the Edgware Road, which he has divided, converted and sold on. It is an economical conversion featuring the more subdued classical allusions which have recently replaced his more fantastical post-modernist symbolism.

A grey, rather bare entrance hall; a lift to level three, and up a grey metal painted staircase flanked with great strands of palms in terracotta pots. Farrell is at the door of his office. He is a big man, open-faced, with great black eyebrows, honest and comfortable in sleeveless, dark blue cardigan. Tea comes in the kind of green utility cups that live in church halls.

Farrell's penchant for the darker shades of grey and the conjunctions of dissonant materials tends to make you suspicious: raw metal and smooth, polished granite, Regency furniture and studded rubber flooring, fake leopard-skin upholstery and bouquets of fresh flowers. How can a man with such terrible taste design good buildings?

This is a question that the critical architectural establishment fights shy of. Horror struck and disbelieving, many have watched in fascination as Farrell has been taken up and applauded not just by the establishment (an OBE for services to architecture in 1979) and serious businessmen, but by others. People have called him in to prepare alternative plans when community planning battles—like the one at Hammersmith Broadway—have become really tough.

But, in spite of his more outrageous essays in postmodernism, or his association with the conservationist pressure group SAVE, for whom he prepared plans to demonstrate how Peter Palumbo's Mansion House site might be preserved, Farrell stands out in architectural circles as a neutral. He refuses to be drawn into the debate on style raised by the Prince of Wales, for example.

"There are some people round the corner who are having an argument," he says. "It is irrelevant. The 1990s will be a period of pluralism, there is no single answer."

The fact is that Farrell has found fertile ground between the two warring factions, cheerfully choosing to conserve and lift from the past, and to exploit technology, modern methods and materials, whenever he wants. "The snobbery of *haute couture* is no guarantee of artistic superiority," he has written recently. "I think there should be something for everyone in our pluralist, democratic age."

Tolerant, eclectic, pragmatic and thrifty, Farrell has earned his stripes as an architect; but he also qualified as an urban planner. In the vast sea-change of the past five years that has swept the governing and planning of London out of the public realm and into the hands of the private developer, Farrell has emerged as a unique mediator.

He possesses the common touch: "I grew up in a rented council house. We weren't allowed to paint the front door. The front garden had to be this way, not that way. What people want is freedom."

Terry Farrell is commercially-minded. Today, he is the man to whom big developers, who have nurtured a degree of conscience, turn to make sense of the complex physical, aesthetic and social problems thrown up by increasingly large and difficult sites.

Plotting the results on a map of London shows significant impact. The renewal of the 300-year-old Comyn Ching triangle, off Seven Dials in Covent Garden, has been going on, quietly, since 1975. Similarly, the conversion of the magnificent and surprisingly extensive Tobacco Dock into a shopping centre in Docklands.

Alban Gate is a gigantic colossus that is going up astride London Wall in the City; it is to be joined by a fellow closer to Moorgate. A major ten-storey block, like a giant Odeon, is going up above Charing Cross station.

Characteristically, Farrell's proposals at Charing Cross included the repair and reuse of the arches beneath the station, the station forecourt and Embankment Gardens to the east. More proposals for cheering up Hungerford Bridge have been put forward on his own initiative.

Waterloo is also on Farrell's map. He is at work on plans to revitalise the South Bank Arts Centre (for the South Bank Board and Stuart Lipton's Stanhope Properties).

And Farrell is also working on a monumental block of government offices, which looks like some temple from a Steven Spielberg film set, on the South Bank of the Thames at Vauxhall Bridge.

Then there is the master-planning of a new business park at Chiswick (Stanhope Properties again), and the marriage of the Central Middlesex and University College Hospitals for the Bloomsbury Health Authority, affecting a major chunk of central London.

It is a sign of his status that he has been appointed to head the most controversial master-planning exercise of them all: Paternoster Square. To Farrell falls the job of coordinating the working-up of John Simpson's classical concept, planning the roads, the open spaces, the infrastructure, and briefing other architects who will be commissioned to build there.

More than anything, one wants the new streets and squares around Paternoster Square to disappear in time like seams into the fabric of the city. The identity of the person who arranged and built them will be forgotten. Only history, however, will be capable of passing judgment on the enduring architectural qualities of buildings.

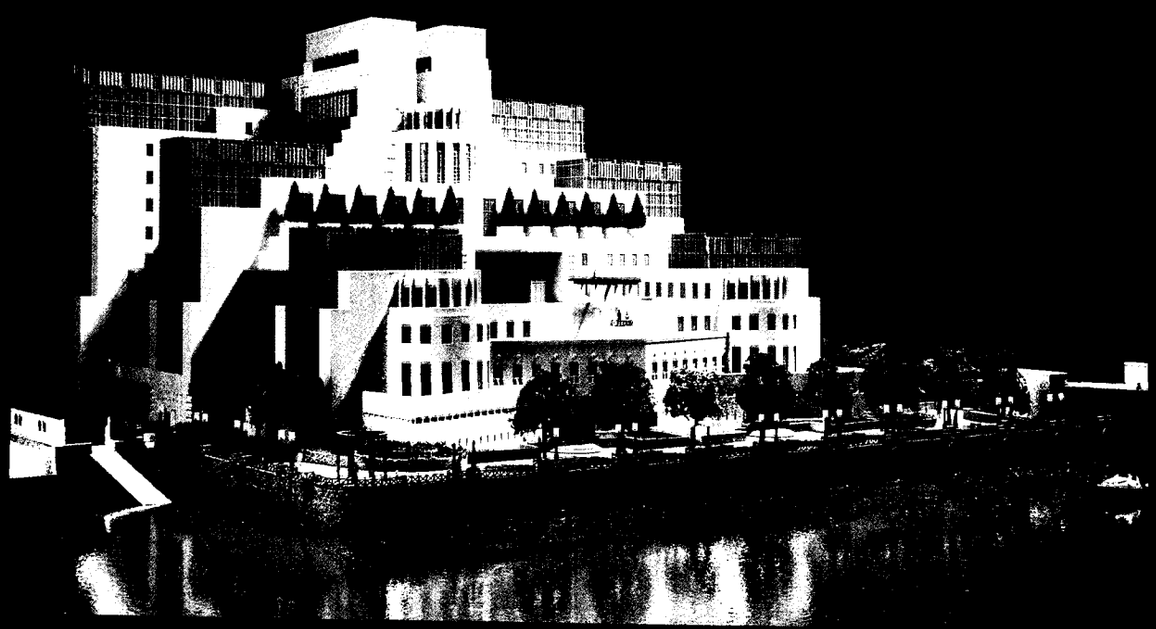
Farrell derives ideas for his architecture from all he sees around him. Curvaceous, ponderous and idiosyncratic, his buildings are like London itself. There is every chance that Farrell's workaday and commercial buildings will come, in time, to be part of the everyday character of this city in a way that no high-tech building ever will. ●

Terry Farrell
Born 1938, Sale, Cheshire. Trained at Durham University School of Architecture (1956-61) and the School of Fine Art, University of Pennsylvania (1962-4).
Terry Farrell worked in partnership with Nicholas Grimshaw from 1965 to 1980. He set up the Terry Farrell Partnership in 1980. The practice has grown rapidly in the 1980s, designing a considerable number of buildings in London. As chairman of the Urban Design Group, Farrell is particularly concerned with contextual issues.
Farrell has also made numerous suggestions for redevelopments of difficult sites in London, including his best known for London Transport at Hammersmith, and has played a hand in the design of a dramatic house, a postmodern manifesto, for the champion of postmodern architecture, Charles Jencks. Farrell has been greatly influenced by American Art Deco and the American postmodern architect, Michael Graves.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I grew up in a rented council house. We weren't allowed to paint the front door."

David Banks Blueprint

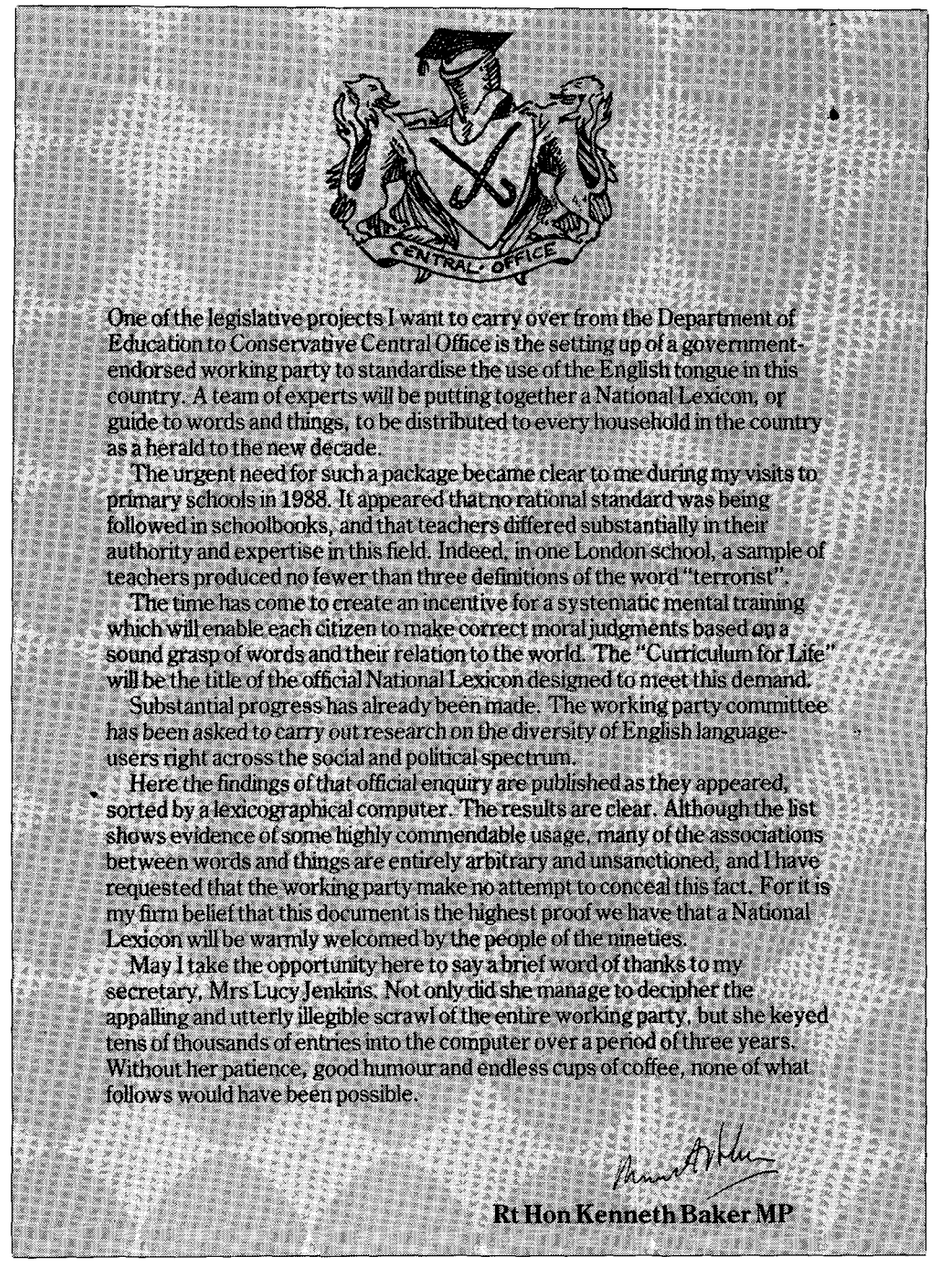


Vauxhall Cross is a major new office development designed by Terry Farrell and company. On the Thames opposite the Tate Gallery, it has 400,000 square feet of accommodation arranged on a series of terraced levels stepping back from the river.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ABC

Lucy Jenkins spent three years typing in a new National Lexicon for Kenneth Baker. Fed up with making coffee, she leaked it exclusively to NSS



One of the legislative projects I want to carry over from the Department of Education to Conservative Central Office is the setting up of a government-endorsed working party to standardise the use of the English tongue in this country. A team of experts will be putting together a National Lexicon, or guide to words and things, to be distributed to every household in the country as a herald to the new decade.

The urgent need for such a package became clear to me during my visits to primary schools in 1988. It appeared that no rational standard was being followed in schoolbooks, and that teachers differed substantially in their authority and expertise in this field. Indeed, in one London school, a sample of teachers produced no fewer than three definitions of the word "terrorist".

The time has come to create an incentive for a systematic mental training which will enable each citizen to make correct moral judgments based on a sound grasp of words and their relation to the world. The "Curriculum for Life" will be the title of the official National Lexicon designed to meet this demand.

Substantial progress has already been made. The working party committee has been asked to carry out research on the diversity of English language-users right across the social and political spectrum.

Here the findings of that official enquiry are published as they appeared, sorted by a lexicographical computer. The results are clear. Although the list shows evidence of some highly commendable usage, many of the associations between words and things are entirely arbitrary and unsanctioned, and I have requested that the working party make no attempt to conceal this fact. For it is my firm belief that this document is the highest proof we have that a National Lexicon will be warmly welcomed by the people of the nineties.

May I take the opportunity here to say a brief word of thanks to my secretary, Mrs Lucy Jenkins. Not only did she manage to decipher the appalling and utterly illegible scrawl of the entire working party, but she keyed tens of thousands of entries into the computer over a period of three years. Without her patience, good humour and endless cups of coffee, none of what follows would have been possible.

Rt Hon Kenneth Baker MP

ABOLISH to phase out by degrees so small as to become imperceptible to the general public (see ATTRITION). The difference between abolition and phasing out is equivalent to the difference between knifing an old dog and putting it to sleep.

ABORTION BILL (i) a bill presented to parliament in 1988 to reduce the time limit on abortions to 18 weeks.

(ii) an invoice paid by BUPA after swift terminations conducted under the above regime. Only for those who choose private health care (see CHOICE).

AMAZON go up this while at university and add it to your CV. If possible obtain financial sponsorship from an industrial giant—British Aerospace, United Biscuits, etc.

ANNUAL something that comes up every year, eg, hardy perennials, *Blue Peter Annual*, Chartered Accountants' Annual Dinner Dance.

APOSTROPHE always comes before an s.

APPLE a morally prestigious fruit; a normal, healthy start to any children's pictorial alphabet. An alphabetical frieze depicting anything other than an apple is to be strongly discouraged: "an apple a day keeps the doctor away", and so on.

ARTY one good at art.

ATTRITION the wearing away of resistance.

Illustrations by Steve Fricker

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUSTRALIA place where a person has just got back from, or is just about to go to (usually for six months or a year).

AUTHOR distinguished man who writes books —Malcom Bradbury, Anthony Burgess, etc, etc. Not to be confused with CRITIC.

BALD unsightly condition of some of the male human species. Best to have hair surgically replanted (see HAIRY).

BAN (book) (i) necessary and moral act to protect national secrecy and public safety.

(ii) unnecessary, immoral and dangerous act jeopardising the principle of free speech.

BED AND BREAKFAST floral wallpaper, with Full English Breakfast. Haven for romantic couples touring the West Country (archaic).

BINARY OPPOSITION thing of ill-repute in modern universities.

BIRCH bring it back.

BONA FIDE favourite Latin phrase of chartered accountants—imparts air of classical ease and grace, as in "with regard to your tax return for the years ended 5 April 1988 and 5 April 1989, we do not question your bona fide".

BRITISH (see DEMOCRACY)

BUSINESS start up your own small one.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT a death sentence carried out on those who have committed murder; for killing anybody is a terrible crime.

CARREL small, private individual study room in library where a student can write graffiti undisturbed.

CARROTS an orange root vegetable which makes children's hair curl, and makes them see in the dark. However, its uses for adults are unknown to children.

CELEBRITY one who sues newspapers.

CHARITY donate money to a charity of your choice (see CHOICE). This encourages healthy competition amongst charities and boosts the advertising industry.

CHOICE the freedom of the individual depends upon this (see CHARITY).

CHRISTIANITY the principles upon which the political philosophy of the Prime Minister are founded. Compare her speech to the 1,200 ministers and elders at the Church of Scotland's General Assembly in May 1988: "If a man will not work, he shall not eat" (Thessalonians, III, 10). Also "Actively seek and ye shall find", etc.

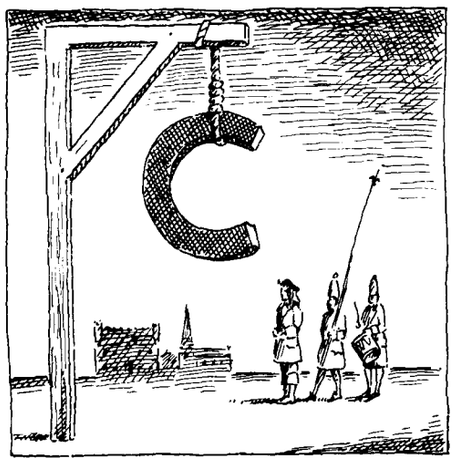
C of E Chancellor of the Exchequer (formerly "Church of England", but a swift change in meaning has been caused by the rise of the Pharisees).

COLD less cold than colder (see COLDER).

COLDER more cold than cold and less cold than coldest (see COLDEST).

COLDEST more cold (see COLD) than colder (see COLDER). Coldest not to be confused with oldest, though the oldest will be coldest unless they hurry up and "get knitting" (Old English Proverb).

COMMUNITY is a very polite word used to describe anything likely to cause upsets to the community. For instance "the gay community", "the ethnic communities", those living "in the community" and the "community charge" (see below).



COMMUNITY, in the: deranged and destitute: may be exempt from COMMUNITY CHARGE

COMMUNITY CHARGE anaesthetic word for Poll Tax; imparting a sense of community.

CONVERSATION never drag politics into this.

COUPON a piece cut by a housewife from an advertisement, cereal packet, leaflet pushed through the door etc, entitling her to some privilege. Eg, 10p off a packet of Bold 3, 5p off a box of PG Tips. That purchase will carry another coupon, which, provided she buys before the offer expires, will save her yet more money. As an incentive to buy and a drill for the efficient management of domestic finances, coupons are highly recommended for housewives, the unemployed, and those on low wages as a "top-up" to their incomes.

CRITIC distinguished man who writes books – Malcom Bradbury, Antony Burgess, etc, etc. Not to be confused with AUTHOR.

CULTURE opposite of nature (see NATURE).

CUSTOMER is always right.

DEMOCRACY (see BRITISH).

DEMONSTRATION (i) "Ann Summers": a pornography sales party run by women and owned by men.
(ii) an insurrection in the street against crimes against humanity.

DENTAL FLOSS small plastic pack at the back of the bathroom cupboard with thin coating of dust and fluff.
"Cali ... was so dull that, simply to keep myself occupied one afternoon, I bought a roll of dental floss and carefully flossed my teeth" (Theroux).

DICHOTOMY thing for passing English Literature exams.

DINNER JACKET a straitjacket worn by the insane at dinner.

DISASTER (national) ranking somewhere within an order of one to ten. "This is a tragedy of the first order" (Thatcher on the sinking of the Marchioness).

DISINTERESTED see UNINTERESTED.

DOCK (i) to take away part of something due or belonging to a person or group of people, often by way of punishment.

(ii) to remove permanently part of something living by cutting through to the bone (see DOCKLANDS).

DOCKLANDS area where such operations are carried out.

DODD stand up comic with feather duster. Hopeless with figures, very eccentric.

DODGE to avoid a thing by clever or cunning means—"tax dodge", and so on.

DYSLEXIA interesting-sounding disease special to the middle classes; inability to read.

EARTHQUAKE in San Fransisco, sort of criminal natural disaster, since it kills innocent Americans.

ECOVER stuff that appeared in your kitchen after the Euroelections.

EFFIGY the burning of effigies in Bradford is a sign of barbarism and primitivism. But in Hampshire an effigy may be burned as a sign of a certain wit and good humour.

ENTERPRISE the taking of initiative (archaic). The making of money (from Latin prehendere, to grasp). See also INITIATIVE and INCENTIVE.

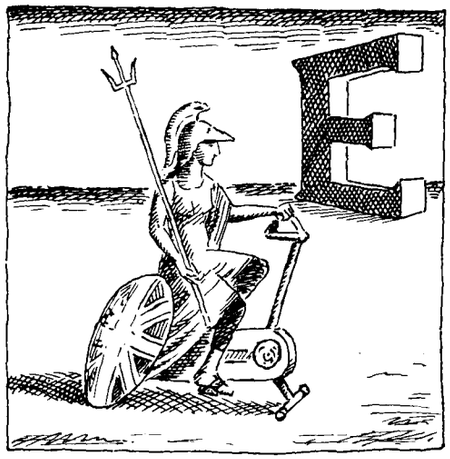
EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES (i) equal opportunities interviewer. EMPLOYER (ii) London Underground.

EXERCISE BIKE invest in one of these, a new leotard, some footless tights, ankle warmers and a head band. See how the pounds just vanish!

FAITHFUL an adjective reserved for dogs and translations.

FAMILY a unit of two or more people constituting the cornerstone of some of our society's most deeply-rooted values. Not to be confused with pretended family relationship, a charade

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



carried on by some homosexuals.

FEMININE (i) genital or menstrual things—"feminine itching" (see also MASCULINE itching); "feminine hygiene" etc.

(ii) pomanders, scented drawer liners, etc, are also feminine, especially if pink in colour. Makes a woman fragrant (see FRAGRANT).

FOOL PROOF proof against the sharpest mind.

FORT KNOX since you don't know what this is, always compare things to it. For instance, you have stayed late at work and have to get the caretaker to let you out. As he slides back the bolts, say to him: "This place is like Fort Knox!" You can be sure he won't ask what you mean.

FOUR (Guildford) innocent, but unlike the police, they don't drive ambulances in times of crisis.

FRAGRANT politician's wife in times of crisis.

FRESH enduring condition of lavatories, underarms, etc, when sprayed with chemicals.

FREUD when a friend tells you about his dream of the previous night, show him your erudition by saying: "I wonder what Freud would make of that."

GAY used to be such a nice word.

GET-TOGETHER word for party when the giver is afraid that nobody will turn up. Corner individuals and say: "I'm having a little get-together." Puts people off.

GIFT-WRAPPED despicable PR; especially the practice of announcing unpleasant policies along with insubstantial perks. The metaphor derives from the tradition of wrapping up "gifts" in brightly coloured ribbons and paper, as though that somehow made them more acceptable.

GLASNOST "economic restructuring". Also PERESTROIKA, "openness". (Or is it the other way round?)

GOLF a good walk ruined.

GREEK (i) farcical: "Mrs Thatcher's reshuffle was taking on the quality of a Greek tragedy last night."

(ii) anal (massage parlours only).

HAEMOPHILIAC innocent and undeserving Aids victim. Gets Aids by accident (see HOMOSEXUAL).

HAIRY unsightly condition of some of the female human species. Best to have hair surgically removed (unless on the head).

HEGEMONY a type of flower: "Hegemonies! How lovely!"

HELPFUL obliging; giving assistance, as one who "is helping the police with their enquiries", perhaps good naturedly agreeing to confess to crimes not committed.

HIGH CHAIR long-legged chair for a child who cannot be trusted to sit properly with everyone else at mealtimes.

HIGH TABLE for Oxbridge dons.

HOLIDAY TUMMY euphemism for holiday rear, and known as "dire rear".

HOMOSEXUAL deserving Aids victim. Gets Aids on purpose.

H2 water.

INCENTIVE SEE ENTERPRISE, INITIATIVE, etc.

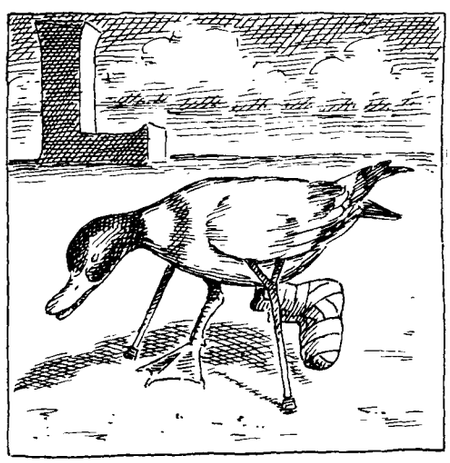
INCOMPREHENSIBLE—nonsense. Not to be confused with incomprehension.

INCONSEQUENTIAL (in a similar mode to above) elaborate word for trivial. Shows the consequence of the user.

INITIATIVE see INCENTIVE, ENTERPRISE, etc.

INJUSTICE occurs in foreign places.

INQUISITION the Spanish.



INTRANSIGENT Arthur Scargill during the miners' strike (see RESOLUTE).

JOB thing done on a rich person's nose.

JOBLESS those with crooked noses or generally suspicious physiognomy and skulking demeanour.

JURY twelve randomly-chosen *Daily Telegraph* readers.

NEIL KINNOCK/(KYLIE MINOGUE) completely lacking in talent.

KORAN the: in 1988, a rough guide to Muslims.

LAME DUCK a lame duck is a web-footed bird which has been disabled, unlike the STALKING HORSE, a large mammal which strides about haughtily. Both are related to the SCAPE GOAT, which is more fleet of foot than either and therefore harder to keep in captivity. Hence the phrase "the stalking horse was made a scapegoat for the lame duck Prime Minister", where the meaning is self-explanatory.

LAWRENTIAN (i) out of doors (heterosexual).
(ii) on the hearth rug (homosexual).
When friends tell you of such encounters, say: "Oh, very Lawrentian."

LEGAL laws that have been made, as below Surprisingly easy to confuse with LEGITIMATE.

LEGISLATION the passing of laws, for instance, an end to the right to silence for those on trial for criminal offences.

L'ETAT, C'EST MOI "When there is a new government in South Africa and apartheid has gone, that government will have cause to thank one person in the Commonwealth that it inherits a strong economy—and that person is Great Britain."

MARZIPAN always say whether you like it or not—some do, some don't.

MASCULINE no cure has ever been found for masculine itching since the disease was first made known by the film *The Seven-Year Itch* starring Marilyn Monroe.

MATHS say happily, "Oh, I'm hopeless at maths"—especially if you are a woman.

METAL DETECTOR unromantic lone figure to be seen on beaches at dusk.

MINISTER (i) one who decides.
(ii) one who speaks out of turn (ecclesiastical).

MURDERER see CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

NATIONAL TRUST an organisation producing decorative chopping boards, herbal pillows, etc, for kind aunts and lady piano teachers.

NATURE opposite of culture (see CULTURE)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

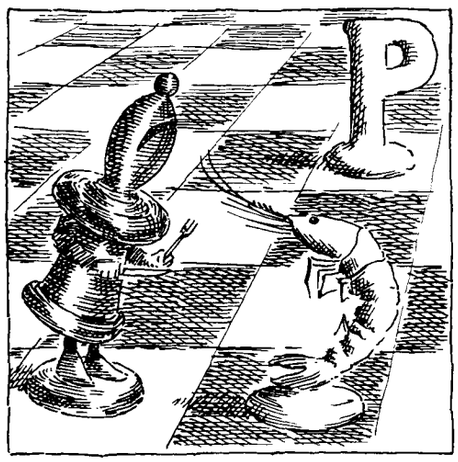
NICARAGUA formerly ignored or understood simply as a "banana republic", Nicaragua now produces mugs, designer T-shirts, posters, badges, etc, for you and your friends.

NIGHTFALL thing found in poetry.

NIGHTINGALE thing found in poetry.

NISSAN HUT thing not found in poetry.

NOTAIRE he's the one who is sorting out about your house in France.



NOVEL layman's term for "a tour de force".

OBJECTIVE it's impossible to be completely objective.

OBSCENE that which gives a judge an erection.

OBVIOUSLY when used in a letter or a newspaper article, the word is a sign that the writer is not at all sure.

OUTRAGE IRA bomb attack.

OUTRAGED civilised persons after IRA bomb attack.

OUTRAGEOUS any comments about the IRA not containing the words OUTRAGE or OUTRAGED.

PANCAKE DAY day on which pancakes are eaten in a festive spirit. Always seems to fall on a Tuesday.

PARANOID partner who guesses accurately at your infidelities.

PAWN a type of small crustacean, pink when cooked, often found in curries etc. Easy to confuse with PRAWN.

PINTERESQUE get yourself out of any stilted conversation by declaring it to be Pinteresque, thus an art form.

POLES any newspaper article about Poland should be entitled "Poles apart".

POOR are always with us; that is, there will always be poor people in the country (see POVERTY).

POVERTY always a relative thing. No real poverty in this country.

PRAWN piece of the smallest value in a chess set—hence the phrase "he's only a prawn in the game", and so on.

PREAMBLE a series of preliminary statements about a thing which is to follow, whetting the appetite and thus often making the suspense unbearable—a cunning art perfected by the radio and television presenter Sue Lawley.

PRIDE boastful satisfaction at one's achievements, as with readers of *The Satanic Verses*, "nope, couldn't get past the first fifteen pages", or again, "yup, read it from cover to cover".

PROTEST "X doth protest too much"—for political speeches and letters to the *Times*.

PROUSTIAN any memory, as in the following exchange:
A: "I was thinking about my old chemistry teacher the other day."
B: "Oh, very Proustian."

QUEEN does a marvellous job.

QUEEN MOTHER God bless her.

QUOTIDIAN way of saying commonplace without yourself becoming commonplace in the saying of it.

RACE RELATIONS BOARD mythical body invoked to frighten *Spectator* readers.

REFUGE see REFUSE.

REFUSE (i) (n) cardboard boxes, old newspapers etc.
(ii) (vb) what can they expect, if they refuse to live at home.

RESOLUTE Margaret Thatcher during miners' strike (see INTRANSIGENT).

SOONER always "rather than later". Never "later rather than sooner".

SPITTING IMAGE after a disappointingly unfunny episode, say "aren't the puppets good?".

TERRORIST (i) future prime minister: "One man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter".
(ii) person who heartlessly puts a bomb in his own girlfriend's handbag.
(iii) terrorists should be seen but not heard.

TRADITIONAL anything very recently refurbished in some material other than formica. Premises for traditional food, traditional atmosphere, etc. Meaning obscure—but since the traditional is part of the structure of weekends, perhaps it is a substitute for church on Sundays.

TRAVELLING COMPANION (i) the person with whom a gentleman falls into conversation in a railway carriage (only to be found in mystery novels).
(ii) the *Evening Standard*.

UMBERTO ECO always worth mentioning, if you can.

UNASSAILABLE assailable.

UNINTERESTED see DISINTERESTED.

VENICE not what it used to be—smells so awful!

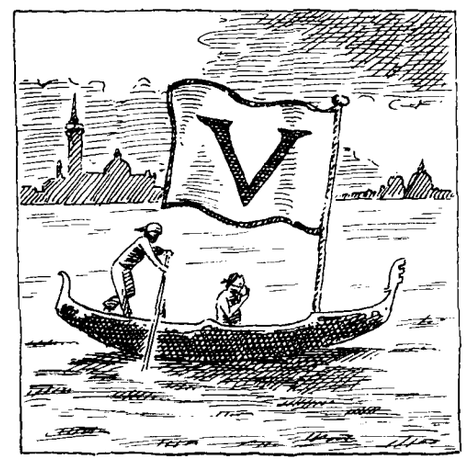
VICTIM always innocent.

VIDEO for recording *Newsnight* when you're out at a series of evening lectures (see X FILM).

VOTE luxury item for those who can afford to disclose their identities to compilers of the register.

WHITE TIE a black tail coat and trousers, white dress-shirt, cummerbund (if desired, or can be borrowed) and white bow tie. The formal evening attire for men, and acme of ceremony and dignity. But worn so often the wearer need only refer to the smallest article of the ensemble.

WITH RESPECT (i) politician's way of talking when hot under the collar.
(ii) chartered accountants' way of starting a new paragraph (also "with regard to").



X FILM terminology of a bygone age—evokes forbidden pleasures daringly sought. Now no longer necessary (See VIDEO).

YOGHURT a seemingly harmless foodstuff, but if hazelnut in flavour it is potentially lethal to the health of young children and the credibility of newsreaders.

ZEN any modern alternative lexicon must contain definitions "from Abortion to Zen".

ZIDER Somerset way of saying cider—"Zounds, a zip of zider", and so forth.

ZOOOLATRY worship of zoos. Often indulged in by lexicographers. Patron Saint: Aaron.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bottom of the heap

Women Nupe members in Northern Ireland talk about their union with a passion usually reserved for their mothers. Beatrix Campbell knows why

One night in the Royal Victoria Hospital, in Belfast's Falls Road, the bush telegraph whispered a message across the wards. The National Union of Public Employees (Nupe) was inside doing something. The hospital corridors were lined with uncollected, stinking laundry. Three union officials—one, as if to confound stereotypes, wearing stilettos—were hauling trolleys piled with the polluted sheets toward the administration block. The next morning, the management found it couldn't get into its office: a week's worth of the hospital's laundry was stacked up high in their offices, from floor to ceiling.

This unorthodox union activity was part of Nupe's campaign against cuts in the hospital's laundry service. The three officials—area officer Patricia McKeown (she of the stilettos), Belfast divisional organiser Inez McCormack, and branch secretary Brendan McCarthy—were doing the donkey-work to spare any of the part-time workers being disciplined.

For Nupe's Northern Ireland division, the cause of part-timers has become a crusade. The union works on the subversive conviction that if you change things for the poorest rather than only the privileged in the workforce, then you change everything. "It's the best thing that's happened for women in Northern Ireland," says Mary Ferris, a part-time cleaner in one of Belfast's hospitals. Women talk about the union with a passion usually reserved for their mothers. Is it an accident that it is a redoubt run by women—only one of the division's four organisers is a man?

Historically, part-timers have always been at the bottom of the employment hierarchy. In the 1970s they began to secure some of the employment rights enjoyed by full-timers. But no sooner did this happen than the 1980s—decade of privatisation and cut-backs—arrived and their rights and remuneration turned out to be the most disposable.

But by then, rank-and-file sleuths in the division were doing the sums on their annual pay settlements. They discovered that sometimes a wage rise meant a wage *cut* for many of the union's poorest members—the part-time women working for the welfare state. Sometimes a rise put them beyond the reach of benefits, sometimes their working hours and wages were simply cut. "We'd get this percentage pay rise coming from London every year," recalls Patricia McKeown, "and only when we took it to the members and realised its impact on people did we realise that it didn't necessarily mean more money for women: it very often meant less." The part-timers were paying for everyone else's pay rise.

That new knowledge prompted the division to mobilise against privatisation and for quality in service, against casualisation and for protection of part-timers' employment rights, for equal pay for work of equal value as a strategy to make visible the value of their invisible army of public servants.

Contrary to current labour movement practice, McCormack and McKeown have adopted an audacious strategy, based on the belief that you can't defend services without valuing the workers who provide them. This, of course, does violence to history. Equal value for the least-valued workers challenges not only employers' cavalier contempt, but the labour movement's historic indifference.

Unions these days don't expect to win much, but they *have* won a fierce privatisation battle in the largely Loyalist new City Hospital, holding off not only multinational cleaning companies but the local management's in-house, cost-cutting deal. Like its private sector rivals, the in-house deal was calculated entirely on cuts in the women's pay and hours.

The notion of value and visibility transformed the way the women see themselves. Anna Nesbitt, a cleaner at the City, defends her job against privatisation thus: "I'm proud of my job. Every night I collect and wash the dishes for 39 patients. Then I wash the tables, clean the kitchen, wash the food containers, damp-dust and vacuum, wash pipes, radiators, hand rails, sinks and toilets. The worst job is patients' chairs—very often you have to put a lot of elbow grease into scraping off the food and faeces. Then there is the best part of the job-doing small things for the patients. I bring them a drink, help them sit up, clean their noses, scratch their ears with cotton buds, take their teeth out and put them in water. For the last five years the patients have been part of my life and I have been part of theirs. I am an important part of the health-care team."

Five years ago Nupe in Northern Ireland started an equal-value claim among part-time cleaners. The principle behind an equal-value claim is that even where two groups of workers aren't doing the same *job* (and so aren't covered by the sex discrimination legislation) they ought to be paid according to the intrinsic *value* of the work to their employer (see "Bargain women", *NSS*, 1 December). But such claims have usually depended on the women workers having an obvious, visible skill; it's far less common where they are "unskilled". Nupe decided to challenge that convention, to bring out the invisible skills. "Equal value is a way of seeing women, of bringing them into vision. When the cleaners' labour has been devalued in collective bargaining, it follows that it has been undervalued in the service," says Inez McCormack.

"The case is important, because we are asking why women are there in that position and who put them in that position," adds McKeown.

The union and the Northern Ireland Equal Opportunities Commission, which is backing the case, argued that the job evaluation scheme used by the women's employers, the Eastern Health Board, was discriminatory. They said the criteria which the scheme used hadn't changed since the days when there were women's grades, abolished after the equality legislation of the mid-1970s. The 1968 employers' handbook in Northern Ireland categorised the domestics as "maids" in entirely female grades: the 1989 version is almost identical.

But when the claim came to an industrial tribunal this year, the Health Board rejected the discrimination allegation, and the industrial tribunal agreed with them. The tribunal said that the women's pay was governed by long-standing national agreements negotiated with the union, and that there had been no complaints before. The women's rejoinder is that no one had reached an agreement with *them*. A job evaluation scheme had been imported from England where it had been agreed between the health service and the union.

The Belfast case has been expensive—around £250,000 for each claimant. "If after five years we're still at this stage, then this means there is no remedy in law," muses McCormack. But sitting through the tribunal hearings turned out to be an education for the five women making the claim and for their representatives. "What was fascinating was how much work went into making us grade one," says Rosaleen Davidson, one of the five, and a shop steward. "It takes a fortune to keep you poor," adds Inez McCormack.

"Initially people were afraid and worried," recalls Patricia McKeown. "We were all hearing for the first time an exposition of something that had happened over years and that had been kept a secret. The secret was: how the women got to be graded at the bottom.

"And as the days went on it wasn't just the technical secrets you were coming to terms with, but the way the jobs were being described by an 'impartial expert'." Cleaners who use high-speed industrial buffers to scour blood-stained operating theatres and cleanse corri-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Format

Hospital cleaners: fighting the indifference of the labour movement and employers

dors of contagion were only doing housework, no different from what they'd do at home, they heard. According to Beverley Jones, Northern Ireland EOC's chief legal officer: "Job evaluation was supposed to be the sword with which you claimed equal pay, but it's now the shield with which you stop women getting through."

"We've got women who would never say boo to the management now saying boo! boo! The Eastern Health Board have turned little women into giants. Nupe has acquired a name for sticking up for working-class, low- status and low-paid women. And people round here like that," says branch secretary Brendan McCarthy.

"The pattern of low pay is incontestable proof of discrimination," says McCormack. "So why aren't we spending the kind of money that goes on job evaluation and lawyers on re-ordering the structure? The problem is, of course, that those who ordered the structures are the ones who would be asked to do the re-ordering." Why is it that in a decade when trade unions have been keeping their heads down, rather than sticking up for anything, Nupe has had so much energy in Northern Ireland?

The new era began with the appointment of Inez McCormack as the union's first woman divisional organiser 15 years ago. Her first test was to raise a thousand recruits in less than six months. So, with her new baby, she drove around rural Northern Ireland, "up hills, down mountains. The membership was very small and I had to get them in to survive".

She got them in. At first there were 17 Nupe members employed by the Eastern Education Board. Within six months the membership had risen to 600. "I was organising people regarded as the cooks and bottle washers by everyone else. I went for the areas where other unions didn't bother, part-time women and low-paid men in rural areas."

She was appointed a commissioner on Northern Ireland's Equal Opportunities Commission. At the end of the 1970s, an alliance arrived on her doorstep. Two young women working at the EOC, one of them Patricia McKeown, produced a dossier revealing culpable negligence or worse in the treatment of cases by the commission. They agreed a campaign to expose the dirt. It was risky. They could have lost everything. They didn't. The effect was to cleanse the commission and to radically toughen up its investigative and enforcement role.

For McCormack, Northern Ireland has often been the place that pioneers heavy tactics before they're deployed on the mainland. But lest anyone harbours any illusions that the feminisation of trade unionism is a sweet story, and that it can depend on the spontaneous solidarities that are supposed to connect class and sex, she has some cautionary tales.

"The battle to represent the members among the employers paled into insignificance compared with the trade unions. I'd been personally humiliated in front of employers, but not personally diminished. But the reaction to us in the trade union movement was vicious. Nupe tried to articulate issues, like the statutory minimum wage, that traditionally had no place in the movement because they weren't about heroism, they were about the experience of humiliation. I still carry the scars." ●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Noriega's files

When Panama's General Noriega is finally laid to rest, he may drag President Bush down with him. Phillip Wearne reports

Whatever happens now in Panama, "Pineapple Face" Manuel Noriega seems set to go on embarrassing Uncle Sam. Shortly after being indicted by two federal grand juries in Florida in February 1988, the General deposited a set of files with his lawyers in Miami for use in any future defence case, or for publication on his death. "They're political dynamite," journalists were told.

At the time it looked like the sort of blackmail and bravado for which Noriega has become infamous. However, piecing together leaks, testimony from former associates and gaps in the history of US covert operations in the region, it seems highly probable that Noriega's database contains damning evidence that runs to the very top. One thing is clear: the man most at risk is the one who gave the order to move against Noriega—President Bush.

As head of G-2, the Panamanian Defence Forces intelligence corps, Noriega was reputed to be on the top CIA emolument of $200,000 per annum by 1976, the year George Bush became Director of the CIA. It was during Bush's 11-month tenure of Washington's top intelligence post that Noriega began, or expanded, many of the illegal activities that official US watchdogs, such as the General Accounting Office (GAO), have now substantiated.

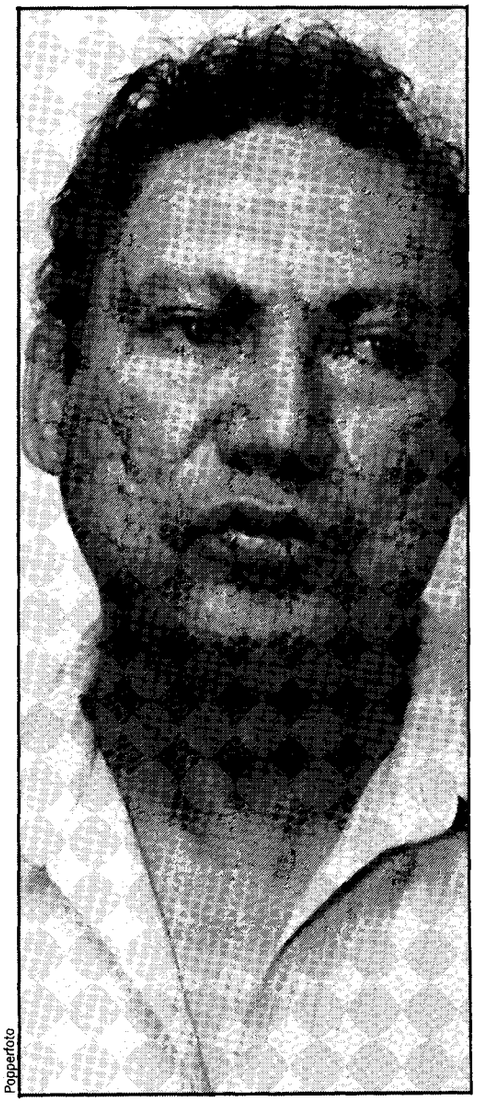
All that is missing is evidence that President Bush knew that Noriega was shipping banned US information technology to Cuba, running American-made M16s to the Sandinista guerrillas in Nicaragua and, most profitably, linking up with the growing cocaine traffic out of Columbia.

It would be surprising if Noriega's files did not contain that evidence. In October 1988, the *Village Voice* obtained portions of the DeFeo report, a Justice Department document named after its principal author.

It contained substantial evidence of Noriega's involvement in drug-smuggling, was circulating freely at Langley, the CIA's headquarters, by the summer of 1975, and was used, former agents say, in the extensive briefing on Noriega that Bush received before meeting the General for the first time in 1976 in Panama City.

President Bush has always insisted that he had no knowledge of Noriega's crimes until he was indicted by the Florida juries in February 1988. Yet he met the General—then one of the Agency's most important assets—at least twice during his tenure at the CIA. Furthermore, Nestor Sanchez, Noriega's control officer at that time, was a close associate of George Bush. It was probably through Sanchez and his CIA colleague, Felix Rodriguez, that Noriega got access to the Agency's personal files on US individuals.

Several better known congressional opponents or their aides have testified that Noriega kept such files—complete with Agency classification stamps—on hand during interviews they were granted as part of fact-finding missions. The CIA is prohibited from collecting domestic political intelligence on individuals, let alone distributing it to foreign operatives.



Popperfoto

Noriega's files may also shed some light on the mysterious plane crash in which Omar Torrijos, Noriega's predecessor as head of the Panamanian Defence Forces, was killed in 1981. It has long been rumoured that the CIA prepared option papers on the assassination of Torrijos in a fit of pique at President Jimmy Carter's Canal Treaty of 1979.

Many on the right of the Republican Party have never accepted that Panama should gain full control of the waterway in 1999 and may have hoped that a replacement for Torrijos would somehow renege on the accord. If it was a plot, Noriega is almost certain to have been involved. He may even have instigated it, knowing, as ever, that CIA involvement was the ultimate cover.

By this time, George Bush was Vice President and what Noriega has on him pre-1981 may be as nothing compared to what he knows about his involvement in Contragate. Oliver North said at his trial that he believed Bush not only knew about the arms-for-hostages deal but was "at the centre". Without the document mentioned at the trial—papers that all three former Tower Commission members have admitted they did not see—this is impossible to substantiate.

Noriega's files probably contain copies of some of those documents. By 1985, in the middle of the contra congressional military aid cut-off, the General was offering Oliver North the sort of integrated supply-finance service that the Medellin cocaine cartel had found so attractive.

In March 1988, Senator John Kerry, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations sub-committee on Terrorism, Narcotics and International Communications, and Representative Charles Rangel, chairman of the House of Representatives Narcotics Committee, both accused the Reagan administration of covering up Noriega's involvement in drug-smuggling for "political purposes".

One of the main continuing political purposes is almost certainly protection of George Bush. It was, of course, no coincidence that Panama was kept firmly off the foreign affairs agenda in the 1988 presidential campaign. The decision to drop the conspiracy case against Oliver North was part of that effort.

At the time North was let off the hook. George Bush said he thought special prosecutor Lawrence Walsh "did the right thing", adding: "There are legitimate national security interests that need to be protected." Playing the "security card" is something George Bush knows all about. He used it to obstruct federal criminal investigations of CIA employees in 1976, against the direct orders of President Ford.

Lawyers working for the man who George Bush may have rather rashly made America's public enemy number one are unlikely to be so obliging. ●

Phillip Wearne is a director of the Latin American Monitor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Blindspots

Dead Palestinians and poor Poles—Alexander Cockburn on the triumph of "western values"

Eugene, Oregon

If there is one zone of oppression and terror in the world today, aside from El Salvador, for which the United States must share full moral and political responsibility, it must surely be Israel. There, as in El Salvador, the United States is paying for the bullets and the prison walls.

Probably the most telling example of the double standards in reporting struggles for freedom is the coverage here of the Palestinian intifada which, on 9 December, celebrated its second anniversary. The coverage of the intifada has now diminished to a point where it receives about the same space in the US press as Sri Lanka. Editorial vapouring about the "peace process" and the "Baker Plan" is outstripped only by political balderdash about Israel's supposed search for a "negotiating partner".

It's easy enough to cite the elementary figures: 823 Palestinians killed since the start of the uprising, of whom 190 have been 16 or younger and of whom 82 have died from teargas and about half that number from beating. Some 80,000 Palestinians have been injured since 9 December 1987 and 50,000 arrested.

With the new Israeli "open fire" policy, the army is authorised to fire at anyone wearing a mask (presumably including a kefiyah); at anyone not heeding a command to halt; at anyone waving or carrying a Palestinian flag; at anyone writing pro-Palestinian graffiti. During October 1989 alone, the total injured in Gaza was 1,021 and on the West Bank 595. These are preliminary figures collected by the Palestinian Database Project and could represent only half the total. Injuries from beating amounted to 847 and from live ammunition 392.

But such figures and others for raids, house demolition (3,000), expulsions, land confiscation, tree uprootings and so forth miss one of the central features of the intifada—which is the oppression imposed upon the Palestinians in the territories by Israelis at every level of material and intellectual life.

The reporters in the US press, who describe at length the oppressions successfully challenged in eastern Europe, have no time for the torments vast and petty being inflicted further east on the West Bank and in Gaza: endless bureaucratic hoops to be jumped through, books denied entry (but no censorship lists available); universities, schools and kindergartens closed; private classes at home forbidden;

James Nachtwey/Magnum

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

curfews preventing farmers from tending crops or animals; documents confiscated, with nightmarish difficulties and expense in obtaining new ones.

Add to this the expulsions of women and children, gone when their menfolk return from work. Asfira Mohammad Ahmed, a grandmother with a birth certificate issued under the authority of the British Mandate confirming her birth in Palestine in 1895, was deported to Jordan at the start of September with only the clothes she was wearing and bedroom slippers on her feet. On and on goes the list, evoking a repression systematic to the uttermost degree.

These horrors are not to be found in the US press. The tax strike at Beit Zahour, nonviolent and culminating in the Israeli theft of millions of dollars worth of village property and auction of goods in a sale in which Palestinians were not permitted to participate, was scarcely mentioned. On the anniversary of the intifada the *New York Times* had nothing, though the pertinacious reader could find a story about Czech youths commemorating the death of John Lennon. A few days earlier the *Times* had a story urging the Palestinians to note political developments inn eastern Europe, abandon the intifada and submit to the presumably benign rhythms of the "peace process".

What exactly is this process? There is something called the Baker Plan, and Secretary of State James Baker has helpfully explained that "our goal all along has been to try to assist in the implementation of the Shamir initiative. There is no other proposal or initiative that we are working with."

So what is the Shamir Plan, which has been denied the endorsement of any nation in the entire world, aside from the United States? Lest the label [Shamir Plan] should seem somehow to exclude the Labour half of the governing coalition from the plan we should really call it the Shamir-Peres Plan and then note that the first of its three so-called basic premises is that there be no "additional Palestinian state in the Gaza district and in the area between Israel and Jordan".

Anyone finding the adjective "additional" odd should know that a basic premise of the Israeli governing coalition is that there is already a Palestinian state in Jordan. Second premise: "Israel will not conduct negotiations with the PLO." Third premise: "There will be no change in the status of Judea, Samaria and Gaza other than in accordance with the basic guidelines of the government."

So what is left for Palestinians? Elections at the municipal level, with the PLO shut out and any Palestinian representative deemed risky by Israel either already in prison or flung from the territories.

This, in sum total, is the plan, which is also summed up in Shamir's brusque remark that though he would be willing to shake hands with the devil himself he would never sit down with the PLO because that would lead to the creation of a Palestinian state. In other words there is no plan beyond new refinements in the political syntax of repression. It is as though the governments in eastern Europe had offered their people new democratic opportunities at the level of post office clerk and garbage collector. This is the peace process.

The Baker Plan merely re-emphasises the central points of the Shamir-Peres Plan, which are that Palestinians will have to content themselves with all the stipulations imposed by Israel. In the State Department's language this was expressed tersely: "The United States further understands that Palestinians will come to the dialogue prepared to discuss elections and negotiations in accordance with Israel's initiative." In other words, Palestinians must accept Israel's agenda (which denies all their aspirations), since otherwise they will have rejected Israel's overtures and hopes of peace.

Such is the actually existing peace process, if I may call it that. Its purpose is essentially that of buying time for Israel to crush the intifada, while allowing the American paymasters to claim that things are moving forward.

Women railroad workers in Poland/Magnum

Turning Poland into Bolivia

The complacency with which the upsurge in eastern Europe is associated with the triumph of "western values"—that is, the political platforms of the Republican and Democratic Parties—is becoming unendurable.

On the 18 December newspapers brought tidings of Solidarity's plans for the Polish economy. These were of a ferocity that would make an IMF officer think heaven had come: forced unemployment of at least 400,000 Poles; end of subsidies for state industries; selling of state assets to private industry; elimination of many of the subsidies of consumer necessities.

Added to this demented belief that the magic of the market, the World Bank and the IMF would somehow save the Polish economy was the grim spectacle of Lech Walesa urging, with partial success, that parliamentary ability to debate these proposals be waived and the economy of Poland be surrendered to economic experts. Thus did the workers' hero recommend their surrender to the western banks. No banker would have dared to be so forthright.

The artificer of this impending catastrophe for Poland is the Harvard economist Jeffrey Sachs, hailed by the slash-and-burn crowd as the man who put Bolivia back on its feet, reducing that country's majestic 25,000 per cent inflation rate in a matter of days. Sachs was imported as economic adviser when Paz Estensorro became president in 1985, at which time Bolivia had virtually no official state revenues—the result of years of incompetence and corrupt military government, plus a collapse in the world price of tin and natural gas.

What Sachs did was shut down the Bolivian economy, in a manner that will soon become familiar to Poles. Subsidies were eliminated, public workers fired, service costs denominated in dollars, along with the rest of the cleansing arsenal demanded by bankers — who cheered Sachs lustily when he addressed the Paris Club on the topic of his Bolivian triumphs.

But what sort of an economic triumph is it to turn the lights off? As Sachs said rather forthrightly: "Bolivia used to be a miserably poor country suffering from hyper-inflation and now it's a miserably poor country without inflation." This is all very well if you are teaching in Harvard, but not so good if you are a tin miner in Bolivia suddenly thrown onto the street.

Many people in La Paz these days would like to give Sachs the same treatment as the meted out to a British diplomat by Mariano Melgarejo, a 19th-century Bolivian president who wearied of this envoy's complaints and, lifting his mistress's skirts, ordered him to kiss her bare bottom. The envoy refused and Melgarejo had him paraded round La Paz, strapped to an ass. When Queen Victoria and Palmerston heard about this they ordered the bombardment of Bolivia's capital, repining bitterly when told it was out of range of British gunboats. Instead they had Bolivia expunged from British maps.

Today Bolivia's coalition government, headed by Jaime Paz Lamora, is trying to get Bolivian back on its knees after Sachs' economic terror bombing. Helping in this endeavour is Robert Griffin, head of the University of California's Economics Department, along with associates from that noble campus. Elements in Griffin's advisory strategy are land reform, building of rural infrastructure, a shifting of educational resources towards the poor and legalisation of the coca export economy that provides about 50 per cent of the country's revenues and employment for 300,000 campesinos.

The Paris Club of first world bankers applauded Griffin's schemes heartily rejoicing at the thought that with legalisation of coca export the state would capture some of this vital revenue.

How the Bush administration will view all this is another matter. We could soon see the prospect of the Paris Club and the UC Riverside Economics Faculty bunkered down on one side of the La Paz airport runway, fighting to the last pinstripe and T-shirt against the invading Bush-Bennett teams. The Poles should take a look at all this and realise that they have not even got coca to full back on. ●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLITICAL COLUMN

Beyond the tanks

Why the absurdly paradoxical tragedies of Romania are not yet over

John Lloyd

It was the strangest interview I'd ever had, not just for the ambience, though that was stirring enough. It was conducted in the Romanian Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Bucharest's Victory Square, between eight and eleven at night on 27 December. The place was ringed by tanks and armoured personnel carriers.

The building was home to the members of the Committee for National Salvation (CNS), the new leading power in the land, as well as the government ministers which it had been able to appoint—all living in fear of assassination by Securitate agents, despite the armour about them.

The interviewee was Silviu Brucan, an original member of the rapidly expanding CNS, who immodestly and perhaps accurately described himself as its mastermind. He is a small humourous man of 73 who had held a succession of good Party jobs, including the UN ambassadorship. He fell out of favour with Ceausescu, though he retained the ability to travel abroad and to write.

In the past two years, since addressing an open letter of protest to the west after the suppression of workers' riots in Brasov in November 1987, he was more closely controlled. For much of the past year (1989) he had been subjected to house arrest or confined to a shack just outside the capital. Now, in one of these vertiginous leaps common in eastern Europe, he was one of the handful who controlled the first days of the country's new future.

The event was most remarkable for Brucan's ability, days after the revolution, to endow it with a conceptual framework.

His first point was a familiar one: that communism was dead. But it was not quite the same point as has been made about Poland or Czechoslovakia. Indeed, his analysis showed again the danger of seeking a pattern across different cultures, even where they had been stretched on the same rack of conformity for four decades. The Romanian Communist Party had been destroyed, he said, in the seventies and especially in the eighties by the Securitate.

Here was a state whose politics, economics and society were not just monitored, but really administered by the secret police. The Party had 3½-4 million members and no politics nor any kind of independent existence. "We will have none of that reform communism nonsense in Romania", said Brucan, laughing uproariously.

In short, the extreme had illuminated the less clear intermediary stages. The Romanian Party had obviously been gutted into a ritual: but how much content did the ruling parties of the other countries which had called it "brother" and "dear friend in socialism" retain? Though they had not been subject to the conspicuous consumption of the Ceausescus, they had of course provided carefully disguised luxuries for the inner party. More important, they lent themselves to a rule ultimately as arbitrary if not so cruel and intellectually debased.

They were not Ceausescu parties, though and, of course, that was terribly important to the people over whom they ruled. But there was nothing to stop them becoming so except the pre-communist political cultures and civil societies which could retain some sort of inhibiting force. Trying to reform such a creation is completely without sense: Romania makes that clear. The only one of the east-European states which has had a "revolution" as Marxists would understand it, Romania has had the advantage of sharpness.

In the grandiose plan to the year 2010 there was not one plant for producing computers of any kind

The second point Brucan made was that the sociological base of communism, and perhaps of socialism—certainly, socialism of a certain kind—had gone and would not return. Again, Romania was a kind of crude but clear laboratory for the thesis. After a long summary of the state of the economy, he posed the question: what was the reason that the Ceausescus so determinedly lowered living standards, destroyed a good agriculture, poured resources into absurd projects?

Madness—megalomania mixed with paranoia? No; on the contrary: a shrewdly rational sense of survival, which, after all, sustained Ceausescu into near old age. He set out to freeze the "natural" development of his economy. Having continued his predecessors' drive to industrialise what was an almost wholly peasant economy, he tried to freeze it at that point.

Since the scientific revolution which had to be effected for the economy to be modernised would have necessarily privileged the intellectuals and technicians at the expense of the manual worker, the economic plans were skewed away from any such strategy. The scientific revolution which might have helped pull up the rock bottom economy was planned *out*, not in.

In the grandiose, impossible plan to the year 2010, there was not one plant for producing microprocessors, or advanced communication equipment, or computers of any kind. Indeed, the only high-tech in the economy was in the hands of the Securitate. Ceausescu could see that to follow the international division of labour, which is what *perestroika* is really designed to effect, would end his rule. Thus, with the others who shared their same insight—the Chinese ruler, Castro, North Korea—he sought to arrest the development and anathematised the *perestroika* process.

Leaving Romania to come home last weekend via Prague, I saw on the streets of that city a slogan which read: "Ceausescu began as a communist and ended as a tryant: that's what communism does." The Czechoslovaks, too, have no reasons for any illusions on that score. They, however, with once one of the better politics and economies in the region, are among the best placed to discover a national route which will give them, over time, both freedom and wealth. Rumania will find that hard.

Indeed, the less appealing part of Brucan's discourse, admittedly ambiguous, concerned the elections scheduled, ridiculously early, for April. He suggested more than once that the new parties now struggling to be formed had no chance: that the CNS would stand in the elections and would simply roll over the rest. "The death of the Communist Party gives us a lot of freedom," he said laughing. Yes, but freedom for what? The absurd and paradoxical tragedies of Romania are not over yet: nor are they over, as we enter 1990, for the societies which seek to breathe freer after last year.

John Lloyd is east-European editor of the Financial Times

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW STATESMAN SOCIETY

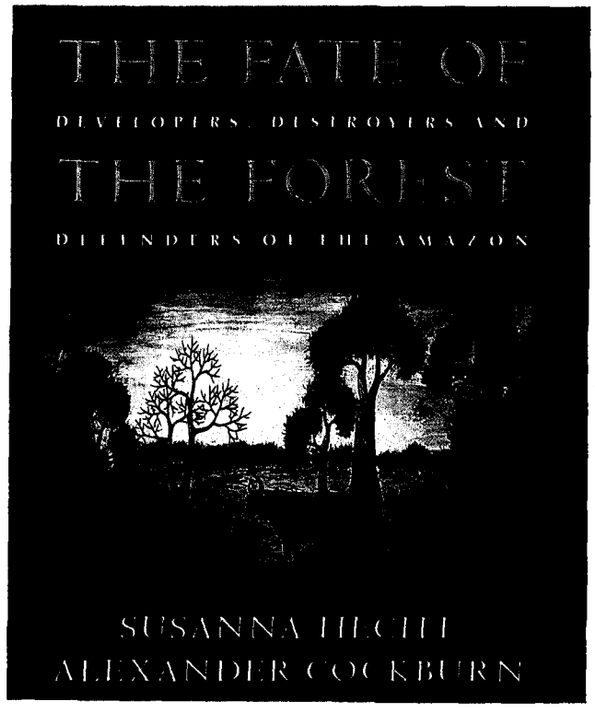
SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

THE FATE OF THE FOREST:

Developers, Destroyers and Defenders of the Amazon

This brilliant book, just published by Verso at £16.95, is essential reading for anyone interested in the fate of our planet and the peoples of the Amazonian rainforests.

It is available FREE to new subscribers who order using this form.



The Fate of the Forest is the result of more than ten years' research by ecologist Susannah Hecht and radical journalist Alexander Cockburn, a regular contributor to *NSS*. They have written a detailed examination of the continuing destruction of the rainforests of the Brazilian Amazon—one third of the world's total.

Oliver Rackman wrote in his review for our books pages on 8 December 1989: "Their argument—and it is persuasive—puts the blame on a quite small number of people, non-Amazonian Brazilians and a few foreigners... Their motives were old-fashioned: greed, ignorant optimism, forgetting past failures and thus repeating them."

The scope of the book is vast. Hecht and Cockburn cover the politics, history, anthropology, economics and biology of the region from the origins of the plant and animal life, through the gold fever of the conquistadores, to present day exploiters.

They take hope from the campaign by the people of the rainforest, and believe that the murder of Chico Mendes, the first rubber tapper to become an international figure, may have turned the tide.

A gripping, eye-opening account of a potential eco-disaster which has already claimed many victims.
The Bookseller, *3 November 1989.*

Please send me a year's subscription to New Statesmen & Society, plus my free copy of *The Fate of the Forest*

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

..... GE3

I enclose my cheque/postal order for.....made payable to New Statesman & Society or please debit my Access/Visa/Diners Club/American Express card number: ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Subscription rates: UK £55; Air Europe (inc Eire) £64;
USA airfreight $99; Rest of world accelerated surface post £70; (airmail rates; Zone A £82, B £94, C £98)

SIGNATURE.....

Return this form to: New Statesman & Society Subscriptions, FREEPOST, London E2 8BR (no stamp needed in the UK)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New year's revolutions

Yorkshire's east-European communities are greeting events in their homelands with a little hope, a lot of caution and no nostalgia. Max Farrar talked to them

Max Farrar

New times, old ways: Latvian traditions in Leeds

Ivan Stecko's hand, grasping a pint of bitter, trembled as he talked with measured intensity about Ukraine. Stecko, a retired tailor, is the Chairman of the Control Commission of the Leeds Branch of the Ukrainian Association of Great Britain. "It's 'Ukraine'. 'The' Ukraine is an idea which the Russians have tried to impose, making out that we're a province, when in fact we're a separate entity," Ivan Chomanicz has already told me in the association's members' bar.

Stecko spoke with passion about his homeland's terrible history: "In 1905 the Tsarist government gave us our freedom, then in 1914 they banned our language, burned our literature and sent our people to Siberia. At first the Bolsheviks recognised a Ukrainian national government, then they invaded us, and in 1932-33 Stalin created a famine which starved six or seven million Ukrainians to death in order to force in the collective farms."

That was before the Germans arrived, pretending to liberate them from the Russians, then coercing them into their suicidal army. Among the Latvians, Poles and Ukrainians in Leeds, young and old, the talk is dominated by their sense of outrage against imperial domination. Their view of the future is coloured by this bleak history.

But there are historical differences between each of the eastern nations and nationalities currently re-drawing the face of Europe. In distant Yorkshire, those distinctions survive. Talking to George Wolter in a wine bar underneath Leeds City station, you sense that a socialist-humanist revolution is taking place in his native East Germany. "Horch", the GDR folk-rock band which Wolter manages, is playing an incredible array of wind, string and electrical instruments, while Wolter, an ex-merchant seaman who looks like a refugee from the Stonehenge convoy, describes the birth of workers' power. Apart from bringing Billy Bragg, Latin Quarter and other radical bands to the GDR, Wolter has spent the past ten years in the underground socialist opposition. There are no eastern Europeans in the wine bar to hear him.

Ivan Chomanicz is wearing his Jethro Tull T-shirt for his Sunday lunch-time drink at the Ukrainian club. There are only a handful of people his age—early thirties—in the members' bar and Ivan's English wife is the only woman. The 50 or so others are elderly men in suits and hats. Ukrainian language newspapers are available, and the map of Ukraine which shows the boundaries claimed by Ukrainian nationalists has pride of place on the wall. Chomanicz, a teacher in Cleckheaton, is intent on maintaining his cultural tradition: "I've called my children Stefan and Andriy, and I attend all the Ukrainian and ABN functions, even though they are fairly right-wing and I don't agree with all of their politics."

When I've finished talking to the elderly gentlemen who run the Ukrainian Association, the Anti-Bolshevik Block of Nations' (ABN) magazine is produced. It contains indictments of the Soviet government and articulate pleas for national self-determination. Its overall political stance is best summarised by the speech it quotes from the World Anti-Communist League's August 1989 Conference in Brisbane. US Congressman Gerhard Solomon said: "We stand on the threshold of victory!...The struggle against communism in all its ugly guises is near to being won. Victory is within our grasp...let us finish the job and liberate this world from the blight of communism."

So it's not surprising that the older generation in Britain is sceptical about the changes in the east. Stecko says that most Ukrainians cannot trust Gorbachev because of their historical experience. His colleague Mikhail Chornij, a retired engineer, says he hopes for a future something like Poland and Hungary, but immediately reminds me of how the Gestapo tricked them in 1941. Nor is there any great enthusiasm for returning. "We would willingly visit Ukraine, but most of us now have families here, so we would stay here. It would be pleasant to have free travel and visit relatives in Ukraine," says Stecko.

Maris Pulis is a 38-year-old high school deputy head born in Chapeltown, Leeds, of Latvian parents. He does not share the older gene-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ration's ready identification of the Soviet state with communism, and he wryly remembers being denounced by his elders as a communist for visiting Latvia in the 1970s. The extreme right-wing and anti-Gorbachev views of some of the younger Latvians in Britain worry him.

He retains a strong identification with Latvian culture, and Latvia's demand for autonomy. He is a member of one of the leading Latvian dance groups (The Kamolins) which performs regularly and tours northern Europe. Cultural and political activity in the Latvian community is the hub of his social life. "It's like being a big family—you can rely on it for support, but you can get fed up with it," he says. His English wife, Suzanne, who has learned the traditional sewing crafts from the older women, put it more succinctly: "It's knackering being a Latvian." The phone rings, and a Latvian friend is making basketball arrangements with Maris.

Their knowledge of current events in the USSR is continually updated by Latvian visitors in England to lobby support for the autonomy movement. They eat dozens of bananas (an unknown commodity at home) and tell the Pulis's of the controversy between the Latvian Popular Front and the National Independence Movement over how fast to push the changes. "The Latvians don't think Gorbachev is so great—there's still no petrol, there are still long queues for food, and he still doesn't give Latvians power to control their own lives," says Maris Pulis. "Latvians in Britain are placid, melancholic and sentimental people, they're not likely to get very excited yet."

"Suzanne, who has learned traditional sewing crafts from the older women, put it succinctly, 'It's knackering being a Latvian'"

The Poles have a similar story to tell. Richard Biedka, born in transit to England, is immersed in the history of Poland. "We've always been pressurised by both the Germans and Russians. My father was imprisioned by both sides in the war. He was a patriot who died broken-hearted because he died without a country", he says. Like Chomanicz, he has given his children national names, but is well aware that assimilation is the path that many of his fellows are taking. "This is a TV society, there's a lack of identity among the English. Some Poles consider themselves English now, but I don't."

Biedka, who was an active member of the Leeds Solidarity group, makes a clear distinction between what he describes as the minor reforms in Poland and the more dramatic changes in the GDR, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. "The old guard still controls the security police and the army," he says. It is not only that which stops him thinking of going to settle in Poland. Despite being a self-employed designer and manufacturer in mechanical engineering, Biedka says he could not survive in Poland. "My Polish aunt was here recently and she said the system has so brutalised people that it is dog eat dog. To survive you have to be terribly sharp at playing the system, and it all depends on bribes and who you know."

The only sense of real optimism among the eastern Europeans came from Mita Castle, a Czech woman who teaches at the Polytechnic of North London. She came to England on a student holiday during the Prague Spring of 1968 and has been here ever since. She wants to correct the distorted view in the English media of eastern Europe as casting off communism. Nor are the current events in Czechoslovakia a re-run of Dubcek's reforms, but they herald a completely new system.

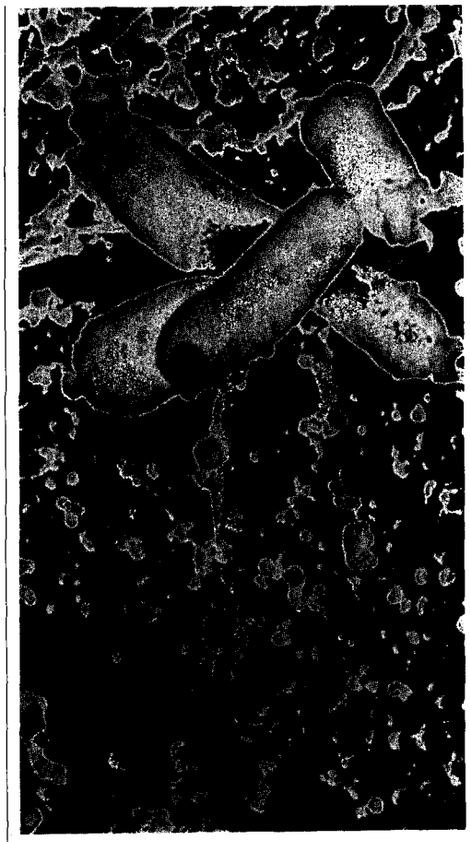
The view of Civic Forum as a small grouping of intellectuals is also wrong, she says. "It has an autonomous structure of groupings throughout the country, basing itself in workplaces." Drawing on the strong socialist tradition in Czechoslovakia, Civic Forum is encouraging mass involvement in a prototype of a syndicalist society.

All this is generating tremendous elation among Czechs in Britain. While in Prague, Castle felt that "was where she belonged, but now I am wondering whether I want to write off 20 years of adult life here." She is hoping to be able to set up academic links and visit reguarly, in an effort to stem the slightly naive view she detects about the possibility of running a new Czech economy insulated from the global influence of capital. "But the most exciting thing is the revolutionary effects of these political events on people's personalities. The end of fear brings very significant changes in the behaviour of all the Czechs, in Britain and at home," she says.

Environment

New bugs

Colleen Shannon enters the brave new world of designer-organisms



British genetic engineering first saw the light of day in 1986, when Dr David Bishop's team at the national Institute of Virology launched an attack on pine-eating caterpillars. The caterpillars were infected with an insecticidal virus, and then securely caged up on a small plot of land near Oxford. A foreign piece of DNA had been introduced into the virus as a "marker", and thus the humble baculovirus was transformed into a genetically manipulated organism, or GMO. Within one week, the caterpillars were all dead, and UK biotechnology had taken its first tentative step outside the laboratory.

Since 1986, 15 planned releases have been quietly conducted in the UK, after approval through the Health & Safety Executive (HSE) and its Advisory Committee on Genetic Manipulation (ACGM). Dr Bishop's group went on to release a "naked" baculovirus, stripped of its protein coat and subject to rapid disintegration in the environment.

Genetically modified potatoes have been field-tested by the Institute of Plant Science Research in Cambridge, and at the Rothamsted Experimental Station near Harpenden. Studies of nitrogen-fixing soil bacteria were also conducted at Rothamsted, and in April 1989 ICI launched a tobacco plant study in Berkshire, as part of an EC biotechnology development programme.

It has taken a few years for legislation to start catching up with the technology. So far, scientists in this field have been "an extremely responsible community", says ACGM staff member Tina McGowan. The industry has subjected itself to voluntary regulation over the past few years, and for good reason. Liability for environmental damage has been an ambiguous issue, and as regulations fall rapidly into place, the biotechnology business does not want to see itself legislated out of existence.

Although the issue was overshadowed in the headlines by clauses aimed at litter louts and dog mess, the "green bill" on environmental protection set before parliament last month contained important new measures governing the release of GMOs.

While the government may fall short of its stated intention to build a unified programme for the control of genetic engineering, provisions in the green bill would at least slap a patch over what has become known at the HSE as "a gap on the environmental side". So far, the bulk of responsibility for the regulation of GMOs has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BMA

A MAJOR INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE AND EXHIBITION

18-20th APRIL 1990

THE CHALLENGE AIDS FOR THE COMMUNITY

FOR ALL THOSE INVOLVED IN COMMUNITY ASPECTS OF AIDS.

ST. DAVID HALL, CARDIFF

ROYAL COLLEGE OF NURSING

PROVISIONAL PROGRAMME

18th APRIL

2.00pm onwards — REGISTRATION

6.30pm — PRE- CONFERENCE RECEPTION
CARDIFF CASTLE

19th APRIL

8.00am onwards — REGISTRATION

9.00am — CHAIRMAN'S OPENING REMARKS
Sir Henry Yellowlees

9.30am — EPIDEMIOLOGY: THE GLOBAL SITUATION
Dr Jonathon Mann
Director, Global Programme on AIDS
World Health Organisation

10.15am — IMPLICATIONS FOR SOCIETY
Dr Faye Abdellah
Deputy Surgeon General and
Chief Nursing Officer
United States Public Health Service

11.00am — COFFEE AND EXHIBITION VIEWING

11.30am — THE CONTRIBUTION OF THE VOLUNTARY SECTOR
Mr Christopher Spence
Director, London Lighthouse

12.00noon — NURSING PATIENTS WITH AIDS
Ms Jacqui Elliot
Middlesex Hospital, London

12.30pm — THE ROLE OF MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES
Mr Eddie Ramsden
Chief Environmental Health Officer
City of Swansea

1.00pm — LUNCH AND EXHIBITION VIEWING

2.30pm to 5.30pm — CONCURRENT SESSIONS
A series of papers and poster presentations chosen from those submitted to the Conference Planning Committee

7.30pm for 8.00 pm — CIVIC RECEPTION AND CONFERENCE DINNER
CITY HALL, CARDIFF

20th APRIL

8.00am onwards — REGISTRATION

9.00am — CHAIRMAN'S OPENING REMARKS
The Baroness Cox of Queensbury

9.15am — THE SOCIAL CONSEQUENCES OF THE CLINICAL PICTURE
Dr Anthony Pinching
Senior Lecturer and Consultant
Immunologist, London

10.00am — HIV AND DRUG ABUSE
Dr Ernst Bunning
Municipal Health Department, Amsterdam

10.45am — COFFEE AND EXHIBITION VIEWING

11.15am — A FAMILY DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE
Dr Joe Robertson
Edinburgh Drug Addiction Study

11.45am — EXPERIENCE WITH CHILDREN
Speaker to be announced

12.15pm — A THIRD WORLD PERSPECTIVE
Speaker to be announced

12.45pm — LUNCH AND EXHIBITION VIEWING

2.15pm — CONCURRENT SESSIONS
A series of papers and poster presentations chosen from those submitted to the Conference Planning Committee

3.30pm — TEA AND EXHIBITION VIEWING

4.00pm — AN OVERVIEW OF CURRENT RESEARCH AND ITS IMPLICATIONS FOR THE FUTURE
Dr Robert Gallo
National Institute of Health,
Bethesda, USA

5.00pm — CHAIRMAN'S CLOSING REMARKS
The Baroness Cox of Queensbury

FEES

For bookings received PRIOR TO 31st OCTOBER 1989 the fee for the Conference will be £250. Thereafter the fee for the Conference will be £270. The fee includes attendance at all Conference Sessions, exhibition viewing, coffee and tea on each day and attendance at the pre-conference Reception, the Civic Reception and Conference Dinner (Note: there are only a limited number of places available at the dinner. Once these places are filled those registering after that time will receive a refund of the appropriate proportion of the conference fee).
Cheques, or in the case of delegates from outside the UK bankers drafts (in sterling only) should be made payable to the Royal College of Nursing.

DAILY ATTENDANCE

It is possible to attend the conference on a daily basis and the fee WHICH DOES NOT INCLUDE THE PRE-CONFERENCE RECEPTION OR CONFERENCE DINNER is £100 per day if booked PRIOR TO 31st OCTOBER 1989 or £110 per day thereafter.

ACCOMPANYING PERSONS

A full programme of sightseeing tours will be available for individuals accompanying conference delegates and full details are available on request. For a fee of £60.00 accompanying persons will have full access to the Courtesy desk and will be able to attend the pre-conference Reception, Civic Reception and Conference Dinner .

HOTEL ACCOMMODATION

Full details of hotel accommodation are available on request.

CONFERENCE BOOKING FORM

AIDS: THE CHALLENGE FOR THE COMMUNITY - 18-20 APRIL 1990. ST DAVID'S HALL, CARDIFF

Individuals wishing to attend all or part of the Conference should complete and return this form together with a cheque/bankers draft for the appropriate fee to:

Brian French, Conference Manager
Royal College of Nursing of the United Kingdom
20 Cavendish Square, London WIM OAB
United Kingdom

FULL NAME: .....

MR MRS MISS MS DR

MAILING ADDRESS: .....

.....

.....

DAYTIME TELEPHONE NO: .....

JOB TITLE & PLACE OF WORK: .....

.....

I AM ACCOMPANYING (name of delegate)

.....

I wish to attend the Complete Conference and I enclose a cheque/bankers draft for:

PRIOR TO 31 OCTOBER 1989 ❑ £250
AFTER 31 OCTOBER 1989 ❑ £270

I wish to attend the conference on

❑ 19 APRIL 1990 ❑ 20 APRIL 1990

I enclose a cheque for

PRIOR TO 31 OCTOBER 1989 ❑ £100
AFTER 31 OCTOBER 1989 ❑ £110

I enclose the accompanying person's fee of: £60 ❑

Cheques should be crossed and made payable to:
THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF NURSING

Please send me details of:
Hotel Accommodation ❑ Sightseeing Programme ❑

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fallen to the HSE. Earlier laws were designed to protect the health and safety of workers, but broad environmental issues fall outside the agency's mandate. In most cases, applications have been subject to the scrutiny of other authorities, such as the Ministry of Agriculture and the Nature Conservancy Council.

The green bill bestows significant powers upon the Department of Environment. In addition to an existing obligation to protect human health, operators conducting GMO releases would also assume a duty of care to guard the environment, using "the best available techniques not entailing extensive cost". HSE inspectors would also have the power to enforce environmental safety standards on behalf of the DOE.

The prospect of two overseers is likely to cause discomfiture in the industry. A dual system of regulation, says BioIndustries Association director Shirley Lanning, "would be a serious impediment to progress", and an unneccessary bureaucratic tangle. Lanning believes that Britain already has a "workable, flexible system that is safe but not inhibitory".

Lanning would also like to see more environmentalists on the HSE's advisory committee, and this includes representatives of public interest groups. This is not a popular view in the industry, but she holds that excluding the public will only "generate fears". However, this open door policy has different limits. The BIA opposes the announcement of release sites, on grounds of commercial sensitivity, and out of fear that sites could be vandalised, or GMOs stolen. It also opposes publication of a register of licensed operators.

There is, of course, a different view. "The debate on biotechnology is one in which the public should be involved," affirms Eric Brummer, of the UK Genetics Forum. "What these people are doing could affect all of us, and we have a right to know who they are."

The debate in Britain has been a rather private affair so far. At this stage, it is unclear exactly how much information would be made available to the public. The issue is not even raised in the green bill's first draft, although the DOE has promised to keep the public reasonably informed without breaching commercial confidentiality.

In the US and in Germany, grassroots action has blocked several projects, but a recent government report noted that in the UK, efforts to draw response from citizens had received "little or no public comment".

Young offenders

New departures

Adrian Bell walks a unique road to redemption in Belgium

Current policy on the treatment of juvenile offenders is dominated by the desire to reduce the use of custody. On that, there is widespread agreement. Magistrates have supported it, and the number of custodial sentences given in recent years has halved.

There is less agreement on the form alternatives to custody should take. As long as projects can retain credibility with the courts, supervising groups can offer a wide range of treatments. Given that scope, what about sending young offenders on a pilgrimage as an alternative to detention?

If the idea sounds bizarre, remember that the thousands of medieval pilgrims who tramped the roads of Europe were not all voluntarily seeking redemption at distant shrines. For many, the journey was a punishment, imposed more probably by a civil court than ecclesiastical authorities. A pilgrimage order was, in fact, the favoured Intermediate Treatment of medieval Europe. But today, in any rational, secular society? Perhaps not, but there is one contemporary scheme which manifests the characteristics of pilgrimage.

Oikoten is a government-funded agency in Belgium providing an alternative to custody for persistent young offenders. By agreement with the courts, small groups are given the option of taking a 2,500 kilometre walk, accompanied by an adult guide, down the most celebrated medieval pilgrimage road to Santiago de Compostela in northern Spain. Over the past seven years, 74 male and eight female offenders have taken this option. All but a dozen have reached their destination.

The contract is beautifully simple. The fundamental rule is that you walk every centimetre of the way. If caught hitching a lift or catching a bus, you'll find yourself back in a detention centre. You don't break the law on the way, nor seriously jeopardise the group. Then, if you make it to Compostela, you are free. Your file is closed. There is one other rule—Walkman sets are prohibited. "You have to listen to the silence", says Leo Van Garsse, an Oikoten administrator.

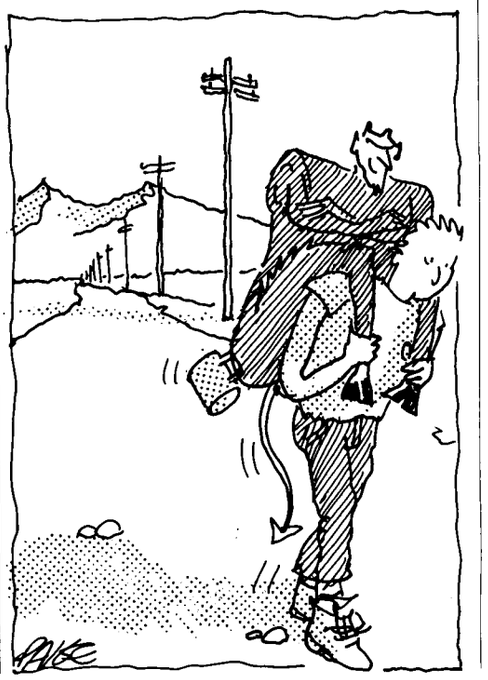
"You could walk to Compostela, living in a world of music, and not have a thought about yourself," he comments, "but the silence is very confronting. Every boy who returns says that. Each day you are walking, to your own rhythm, perhaps not seeing the others except at lunch and in the evening. It is a lonely operation. After a time you start to think—about yourself and the things that have happened in the past. Some of those are things you want to forget, but now, in a strange way you are obliged to think about them and about yourself. You have to confront yourself and your past. Many say that it is harder than the physical."

Confront yourself and your past. It is recognisably the language of pilgrimage, but Oikoten is understandably reluctant to use that word. The organisation has no religious connections and anything which might hint at an association with formal religion would certainly deter many potential pilgrims.

Even the original choice of Compostela was opportunistic—the first guide was a volunteer who happened to be going that way—although the advantages of the tradition of that road have since become obvious. Walking in the exact footsteps of so many predecessors turns out to be a moving experience for some young offenders. More so is the spontaneous hospitality and recognition they receive in villages through which pilgrims have passed for a thousand years. "It provides good moments in the lives of these boys," says one guide, William Gees: "Many of the boys who come with us have been looked on as not worth anything in Belgium. When you get applauded and welcomed and people come out to greet you, that's very positive. It's very healing."

In the debate in this country about non-custodial treatment, references to healing or to a therapeutic ideal are likely to be indirect. Alternative intervention tends to have a narrower focus, like social or vocational skills training. Our emphasis on dealing with offenders in the community is also in marked contrast, because the Oikoten experience is emphatically outside the community. The actual word "Oikoten" means to be away from one's home country. The journey fits the classic model of a rite of passage: removal from your community and previous status; undergoing a significant experience; reintegration into your community, but with a new status.

About 50 per cent of those who reach Compostela seem to avoid further encounters with the courts—a similar rate to Intermediate Treatment programmes here. For the others, Oikoten would claim that rarely is the journey wasted. Talking, even with those who have ended up again in detention, it becomes apparent that the four months on the road and within the group have provided experiences which remain significant. Whether or not you call it a pilgrimage, it is a recognition of the persistent value of ritual in bringing about changes in people's lives.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Welfare Watch

Include them out

Illegal restrictions have cut the social fund again, says Tony Lynes

New evidence of the effects of the social fund's cash limits, which are to be frozen again next year, emerges from a report by welfare rights officers in the London borough of Southwark. As the demand for payment outstrips spending limits, the three DSS offices serving the borough have had to revise their scales of priorities. Proof of need is not enough to qualify for help.

The way the local authorities have set about narrowing the range of cases in which payments are made is illegal. Under the 1986 Social Security Act, social fund officers (SFOs) must decide each application on its merits, subject to the cash limits and any overall directions issued by the secretary of state. Priority lists drawn up by local managers can guide, but not supplant, the use of SFOs' discretion.

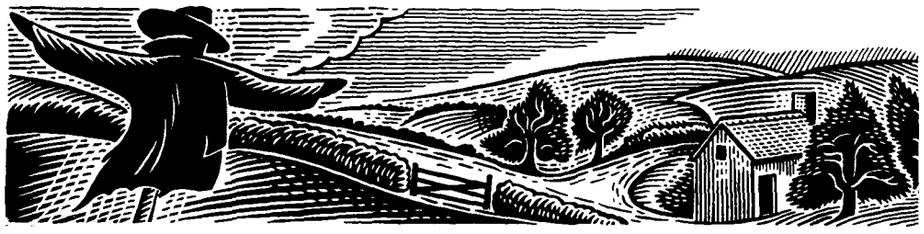
The Camberwell office, for example, announced in August that community care grants would in future be made only where the applicant or a member of the family was elderly, mentally ill or handicapped, or chronically sick or disabled. This implied a ban on payments to homeless families, women in refuges, young people leaving care, discharged prisoners and people being resettled after treatment for drug or alcohol problems—all groups who, according to the guidelines, are eligible for grants.

A complaint by local MP Harriet Harman resulted in a review of all applications affected by the ban and substitution of "highest priority" for "only". But the practical effect is the same. The Camberwell SFOs' budget is not enough to cover even the three highest priority groups. For anyone else, discretion might as well not exist. Similar unlawful restrictions have been imposed on SFOs at the Southwark office. Budgeting loans can only be made to people who have been on income support for six months or more, but local guidelines have extended the waiting period to a year.

The Southwark office has also imposed a blanket ban on grants for travelling expenses, which can normally be made for three purposes: to visit someone who is ill, to attend a relative's funeral, or to ease a domestic crisis. As the report says, an instruction from DSS headquarters to deny people the means of attending a relative's funeral would be unacceptable. So it is left to local office staff to make such decisions.

It remains to be seen for how long SFOs will accept this responsibility. It would be more honest, and fairer to SFOs, if the secretary of state—assuming that he is not prepared to give local offices enough money to make a reality of discretion—issued instructions limiting social fund payments to the narrow range of needs that can be met out of the present local budgets.

FRINGE BENEFITS



Colin Ward shudders at our allotted roles as victims or executioners

In a recent High Court libel action, Nigel Nicholson, a former publisher and Conservative MP, told the jury of his experience in May 1945 when he was an intelligence officer in the First Guards Brigade. He and other British officers locked thousands of Yugoslav men, women and children into cattle trucks at a station in southern Austria, telling them that they were going to Italy.

The train was then boarded by Tito's partisans and "it was then that the really horrible moment arrived, when they began hammering on the sides of the trucks and reproaching us with having betrayed them". He reported to his superiors that his soldiers undertook this "unsavoury" task with the utmost distaste. He was ordered to rewrite his report and submitted another a little later which contained "not a word of truth". He was "disgusted" by the order and now thought he should have disobeyed it.

Every war is full of such horrors, carefully written out of history. Vast numbers of Europeans played a similar role, packing the trucks at wayside stations, and have ever since shared the same regret. The machinery of the state ensures both their complicity and the elimination of the events from the historical record.

The state, everywhere, relies on popular silence about the outrages involved in maintaining its authority. Hence the inability of people, anywhere in the world, to bring to justice the death squads of the previous regime. The record has already been changed, and the survivors have every reason for keeping silent.

It's nothing at all in the numbers game, but the example on the doorstep all my life has been the 342 people executed with the utmost legality under the authority of the Army Act between 1914 and November 1920 for desertion, cowardice and so on. Since this was done as an example to the rest of the first world war army, most veterans had some vague knowledge of it, as had most war-resisters who were threatened with the same fate. For everyone else it never happened.

When the dance band leader Victor Silvester died 12 years ago, the author of *The Monocled Mutineer*, William Allison, revealed that he had left behind an account of his involuntary involvement. A month before the mutiny at Etaples in 1917, Private Silvester was found reading a list, intended for officers only, of the men to be executed. The general told him: "I am not going to punish you but you will be detailed to take part in the next five executions."

Silvester recalled that "the first man I had to shoot was a private in my own regiment, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders... Mortified by the sight of the poor man struggling, 12 of us raised our rifles unsteadily. Some of the men, unable to face their ordeal, had got themselves drunk overnight. The tears were rolling down my cheeks as the victim went on struggling to free himself from the bonds tying him to the chair. I aimed blindly and when the gunsmoke had cleared away we were further horrified to see that, although wounded, the intended victim was still alive. Still blindfolded, he was attempting to make a run for it still strapped to his chair. The blood was running freely from a chest wound. An officer stepped forward to put the finishing touch with a revolver held to the poor man's temple. We learned later that in fact the victim had been suffering from shell shock." Victim and executioners were teenagers.

After taking part in four more executions Silvester said: "I was screaming in my sleep and physically sick every day, I was put into a military hospital and strapped down to the bed to stop me running away." If he had run away, no doubt he would have found himself in another group of victims. As it is, his posthumous memoir only gained publicity because he had become a show-biz celebrity.

That generation is now dead. In the intervening years, apart from the effect of the Official Secrets Act, the files have been weeded out and destroyed. But the same sense of historical rectitude that has led some people to seek out responsibility for the endless massacres of the second world war, whether at Auschwitz, in Polish forests or the gorge outside Kiev, has impelled Julian Putowski and Julian Sykes to search casualty records, newspapers, war diaries and lists of those not entitled to medals, to compile *Shot at Dawn: Executions in World War One by Authority of the British Army Act* (Wharncliffe Publishing, 47 Church Street, Barnsley, S. Yorks S70 2AS, £15.95).

Like every other wartime tale, it's a story of the inarticulate, poor and ill-educated, whether bewildered conscripts, Jews, Ukrainians or Serbs. The victims are rounded up for death by the confident, well-educated and articulate people who run the show on every side and are amply capable of eliminating the record to ensure that *no one* can call *them* to account.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Society Today is *NSS*'s term-time page for sociology students

School secrets

Pat McNeill goes in search of the hidden curriculum

Judy Stevens

The student readers of this column are almost the last generation to experience 16 to 19 education as it is organised at present. In December, the Secretary of State for Education, John MacGregor (with the backing of Norman Fowler, the Employment Secretary) called upon the National Curriculum Council to come up by March 1990 with a specification for a core curriculum of compulsory studies for all 16 to 19 year olds. The idea is to bridge the gulf that exists between academic and vocational courses.

The core will include communications, information technology, numeracy and modern foreign languages. It must be studied by all students in the age group, whether they are taking vocational courses such as B/TEC or an academic course which includes A and A/S levels. In due course, whatever is agreed will be incorporated into the new framework being developed by the National Council for Vocational Qualifications.

These proposals are the latest step in the most far-reaching review of the curriculum in schools and colleges that this country has ever seen. Naturally enough, the reforms have attracted a great deal of attention from sociologists of education, especially those concerned with the sociology of knowledge. There has been less attention paid to what in the 1960s and 1970s was known as the "hidden curriculum".

The phrase was first used by Jackson in *Life in Classrooms* (1964) and refers to all those things pupils learn in schools that are not overtly taught. These are mainly attitudes, values and principles of behaviour which, though not explicitly spelled out by teachers, are rewarded when pupils display them through their actions.

The hidden curriculum can be found in the way that a school is organised, in the way that teachers and pupils interact, and in the content of the subjects taught.

Most schools are organised in a hierarchy of authority. There is not much doubt about who is in charge or about how decisions are made. The more taken-for-granted such hierarchies are, the less likely it is that pupils will question whether this is an appropriate way to run an organisation, or indeed to organise society as a whole. And yet "progressive" schools like Summerhill or Dartington Hall have always tried to ensure that pupils participate in decision-making. They claim that pupils learn to take responsibility for their own actions, for each other, and for their community.

Even the physical layout of the traditional classroom, with the teacher dominant at the front of the room, controlling the blackboard and able to see all that happens, encourages pupils to internalise a view of themselves as inferior and subject to those more powerful. Open-plan classrooms or workshop systems suggest a different pupil-teacher relationship, though the teacher is still in charge.

School uniforms can be interpreted in the same way. Those who support the wearing of uniform, usually adults, stress that it encourages pupils to develop loyalty to the group. They argue that a uniform conceals the inequalities of income among pupils which would be revealed if they could all choose what to wear to school. Opponents of uniform emphasise that it symbolises the arbitrary power that schools exercise over pupils. Once pupils are in uniform they become subject to that power, just as if they were in the army or a penal institution. This view is reinforced by observing the importance pupils attach to subversion of the uniform by wearing tatty ties, shortening hemlines or undoing a top button. Similarly, why do some teachers get so angry about such apparently minor rule-breaking? They know, at some level, that it is a challenge to the whole power-structure of the school.

The hidden curriculum is also traceable within the mainstream curriculum, which reflects an élitist, male and ethnocentric view of what is worthwhile knowledge. Those who favour multi-cultural education point out that a course in literature that studies only English writers is indirectly saying that African and Asian writers are not worthy of scholarly attention. If the course were called English Literature it would at least be more accurate. But why should literary studies be limited in this way?

Similarly, a history that places this country at the centre of world events is implying that this is the normal or even the only valid viewpoint. Feminist scholars have shown how women are systematically devalued in the curriculum, usually by simple omission of any account of their role in history, the arts, or science.

The concept of the hidden curriculum was particularly attractive in the 1970s to those sociologists, often though not always Marxist, who argued that the official rhetoric of schools is at odds with their real function in a capitalist society. At that time, the dominant view of education stressed that it should be pupil-centred and foster the development of individual potential, with little emphasis on preparation for work. Those who underlined the role of the hidden curriculum were saying that this liberal message was a sham. Mass schooling was in fact in the business of doing what it had always done—reinforcing the values and attitudes which allowed the individual to be easily absorbed into an alienated and unequal society.

Critics have suggested that the hidden curriculum was hidden from academic sociologists more than from its victims, who knew very well what was happening. It is also more useful to think of it as intertwined with, rather than concealed behind the mainstream curriculum. But recent and future reforms of how education is organised suggest that some aspects of the hidden curriculum are not so hidden any more.

We now see the official fragmentation of knowledge into the ten subjects of the core curriculum; the massive extension of assessment; the devaluing of non-vocational subjects; the belief in market forces as the key to anything worthwhile. All these demonstrate the substantial change in educational priorities over the last 15 years. They certainly lay to rest the old claim that education is not a political activity.

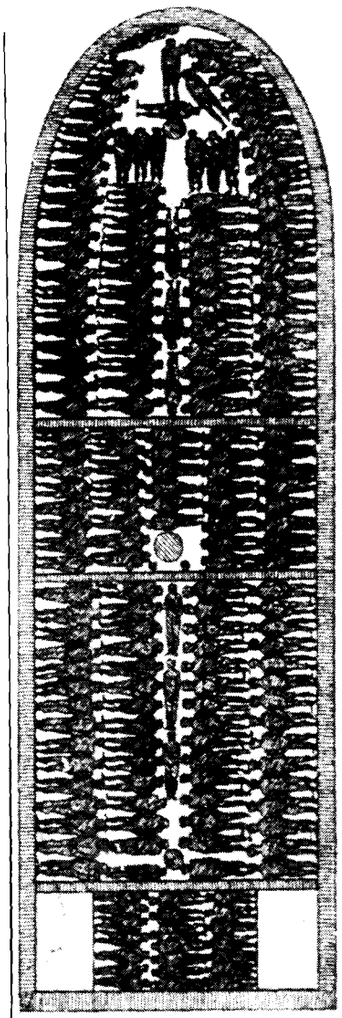
Discussion topic:

What is the hidden curriculum of your sociology syllabus?

(See our education exclusive on page 14.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Back to Black



Mary Evans Picture Library

The English language is our heritage, as we have been told most recently by Prince Charles. But not all ways of speaking and writing the language are equal. David Dabydeen reflects on the ways one version of the language has been used to discipline black people, their experience, and their speech.

David Dabydeen's volume of poems include "Slave Song" and "Coolie Odyssey". He teaches at Warwick University. This is an extract from his contribution to "The State of the Language", edited by Christopher Ricks and Leonard Michaels, published by Faber & Faber this month.

In 1984 I published a first collection of poems entitled *Slave Song* written in a Caribbean creole and dealing with the Romance of the Cane, the perverse eroticism surrounding black labour in the British Empire.

In the preface to *Slave Song* I speak of the brokenness of the language which reflects the suffering of its original users. Its potential as a naturally tragic language is there in its brokenness and rawness, which is like the rawness of a wound. If one has learnt and used the Queen's English for some years, the return to creole is painful, almost nauseous, for the language is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'The nature of the language which is a source of strength to writers like myself is cause for dismissal or parody by others'

Slaves on a Guyana plantation

uncomfortably raw. One has to shed one's protective sheath of abstracts and let the tongue move freely in blood again.

In writing *Slave Song* I had no Caribbean literary models to imitate, since I knew none. Apart from early childhood in Guyana I was brought up in England and no Caribbean literature was taught in schools. So I was wholly ignorant of the creole poetry of Edward Braithwaite or Claude McKay, the latter influenced by the balladry of Burns. What in fact triggered off *Slave Song* were the years spent as an undergraduate at Cambridge reading English.

There was the discovery of the "gaudy and inane phraseology" of much 18th-century poetry, the wrapping of stark experiences in a napkin of poetic diction. James Grainger's poem *The Sugar Cane*, for instance, in which the toil of plantation life is erased or converted into pastoral. Instead of overseer, Grainger uses the term "Master Swain", instead of slaves, "assistant planters". The black condition is further embellished by calling the slaves "Africa's sable progeny". Grainger's poem is a classic example in English verse of the refusal to call a spade a spade. Then there were all those antislavery pieces in a highfalutin' Miltonic rhetoric and cadence, in which the poets used the black experience as a vehicle for lofty, moral pronouncements on good and evil.

The real discovery, however, was of medieval alliterative verse. Reading *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* was a startling moment. The sheer naked energy and brutality of the language, its "thew and sinew", reminded me immediately of the creole of my childhood. John of Trevisa, a 14th-century translator, described the alliterative poetry of the north of England as "harsh, piercing and formless".

This quality of lawlessness and the primarily oral form of delivery bore a curious resemblance to Guyanese creole. I began to see, even if naively, the ancient division between north and south in Britain, the Gawain poet standing in opposition to Chaucer, in terms of a native idiom versus an educated, relaxed poetic line tending towards the form of the iambic pentameter. The north/south divide is of course evocative of the divide between the so-called Caribbean periphery and the metropolitan centre of London. London is supposed to provide the models of standard English, and we in the Caribbean our dialect versions.

The very unsystematic and unscientific nature of the language which is a source of strength to writers like myself is cause for summary dismissal or parody by others. Take, for instance, Alan Coren's "Letters from Kampala", in *Punch* magazine, in which Idi Amin is made to lament the burden of literacy: "No sooner you dishin out one giant masterpiece to de gobblin pubberlic, they comin round yo premises an hammerin de door fo de nex. Come on out, John Milton! de mob yellin, 'we know yo in there! We jus finishin de *Parachute Lost* an we twiddlin de thums, wot about dis year's jumbo pome you lazy bum?'" Coren's "Letters" portrays blacks as being both scientifically illiterate ("It hardly surprisin E N Fleming packin up the Jane Bond racket an turnin to de penicillin business") as well as being ignorant of the rules of grammar.

This view of black expression is firmly entrenched in European thought. In 17th-century travel literature and anthropological writings, the bestiality of the natives is reflected in their language. Many passages focus on the monstrosity of their organs of speech as well as their organs of propagation. While John Ogilby (1670) is writing about the "large propagators" sported by the men of Guinea, and Richard Jobson (1623) about male Mandingoes being "furnished with such members as are after a sort burdensome unto them", William Strachey (1612) focuses on their "great big lips and wide mouths". When we find eloquent and civilised blacks in English literature of the period, as in the case of Mrs Aphra Behn's Oroonoko, their physical features are more European than African: "His mouth, the finest shaped that could be seen; far from those great turn'd lips which are so natural to the rest of the Negroes."

In the 18th century, which was the Age of Slavery as well as the Age of the Dictionary, such attitudes to Africans were sustained, and the link between barbarism and lack of speech made explicit. An issue of the *Spectator* described Hottentots as "Barbarians, who are in every respect scarce one degree above

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Slavewoman's Song

Ya howl—
Hear how ya howl—
Tell me wha ya howl foh
Tell me noh?
Pickni?
Dem tek pickni way?
Wha dem do wid pickni
Mek yu knaack yu head wid stone
Bite yu haan like daag-bone?

Is husban mek yu halla gal?
Wha dem do wid maan
Mek yu daub yu face wid cow dung
Juk yu eye an chap yu tongue?
Dem trow am Demerara, feed am alligita?

Muma? Pupa? Africa?
Belly big wid Massa?

Ya howl—
Hear how ya howl—
Tell me wha ya howl foh
Tell me noh?

Brutes, having no language among them but a confused Gabble, which is neither well understood by themselves or others". With the centrality of the Word in 18th-century English civilisation (Pope's "What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed"; Samuel Johnson's *Dictionary*), the apparent wordlessness of the Africans was deemed to be incontrovertible evidence of their barbarism.

The equation between African and animal, sustained by the issue of language, which gave moral validity to the slave trade, continued in the 19th century, the Age of Imperialism. Africans' skulls, lips, teeth, and mouths were scrupulously measured by leading scientists to reveal black cultural and moral primitivism and therefore the necessity of continuing colonial rule. Science therefore underpinned the imperial process.

It was also quite obvious, however, that Africans had language, and this posed a problem to white views since language was an undeniably human characteristic. Professor Bernth Lindfors illustrates the problem by reference to the case of the San people of South Africa, a group of whom were brought to Britain between 1846 and 1850 to be displayed at circuses and fairgrounds. The speech of the San visitors was their most noticeable feature: 70 per cent of it consisted of a set of implosive consonants, commonly called "clicks", which were absent from the English phonological system. Lindfors states that "the number and variety of these click consonants, complicated still further by subtle vowel colourings and significant variations in tone make it, from the phonetic point of view, among the world's most complex languages." To the Victorians, however, hardly interested in such complex analysis, San speech merely sounded like animal noises.

Even when admission of the humanity of the San people was grudgingly conceded, the classics of white literature were raised against them: the *Observer* wrote that "their distinguishing characteristics as men is their use of language, but besides that, they have little in common... with that race of beings which boasts of a Newton and a Milton." The science of Newton and the literature of Milton are sufficient to put black people in their place. Idi Amin's (Alan Coren's) reference to Milton is not a loose one. Milton's ornate, highly structured, Latinate expressions are still the exemplars of English civilisation against which the barbaric utterances of black people are judged.

Our own century has witnessed attempts by black writers to bury Milton. In the 1930s, the new West Indian journal, the *Beacon*, instigated a movement for "local" literature, encouraging writing that was authentic to West Indian life and landscape. Trinidad is not "a miniature paradise", one editorial argued, calling for the literary use of of creole and descriptions of the particularity of place.

Milton's influence, however, persisted in the region until the 1960s, the independence of the islands and the arrival of Edward Braithwaite. Braithwaite's use of creole (or "Nation language" as he terms it) involves recognition of the vitality of the oral tradition surviving from Africa, the earthiness of proverbial folk speech, the energy and power of gestures which accompany oral delivery, and the insistence of the drumbeat to which the living voice responds. Braithwaite's battle against "mimicry" of Miltonic form is one that continues today in the verse of young black British writers. Linton Kwesi Johnson is the best known of this group.

Johnson's poetry is recited to music from a reggae band. The paraphernalia of sound systems, amplifiers, speakers, microphones, electric guitars, and the rest which dominates the stage and accompanies what one music critic has dismissed as "jungle-talk" is a deliberate "misuse" of white technology. "Sound systems", essential to "dub-poetry", are often home-made contraptions, cannibalised parts of diverse machines reordered for black expression. This de/reconstruction is in itself an assertive statement, a denial of the charge of black incapacity to understand technology. The mass-produced technology is remade for self-use in the way that the patois is a "private" reordering of "standard" English. The deliberate exploitation of high-tech to serve black "jungle-talk" is a reversal of colonial history. Caliban is tearing up the pages of Prospero's magic book and repasting it in his own order, by his own method, and for his own purpose.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Magnum

Milestones in music

A fourth renaissance in the 80s—and goodbye to cocaine, sleepers and violence

MILES: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY Miles Davis with Quincy Troupe
Macmillan £13.95
CROSSTOWN TRAFFIC: JIMI HENDRIX AND POSTWAR POP
Charles Shaar Murray
Faber £6.99

David Widgery

The princely stare of the most influential jazz trumpeter in the latter half of the 20th century announces, from the cover of this enthralling autobiography, a seriously badassed motherfucker. The baleful glare also reminds us of the uncompromising musical originality and political edge which have propelled Miles through four major phases of intense innovation now chronicled in this wonderfully detailed, candid and informative 400-page book.

Davis, son of a successful St Louis dentist, first came to light as the youngest member of the bebop revolutionaries who stormed the Winter Palace of Jazz between 1945-49. Officially studying at the Julliard School of Music, the 19-year-old tyro trumpeter not only succeeded in tracking down Charlie Parker but recording with him those haunting and expressive, if occasionally technically weak, solos on the Dial and Savoy albums of the late forties.

Davis's account of those dizzy years and the upsurge of post-war black self-confidence which they express is fresh, staccato and full of sharp judgments and warm affections. His portrait of Parker himself: on stage, in the studio, and gobbling chicken *à la pudenda* in the back of a taxi is simultaneously scabrous and deeply respectful. And he is both unsentimental and angry about the tragedies and desperation that dogged the beboppers: their financial exploitation, the lack of recognition by the white-dominated jazz establishment and the general horrors of marching through wintry Harlem slush to buy smack.

But it was after the first bebop wave had dissipated and his own five-year addiction to heroin had been conquered that Davis's brilliance as a composer and leader of improvising musicians became apparent with the series of quintets, most famously alongside John Coltrane, which between 1956 and 1960 produced classics like "Kinda Blue" and "Milestones".

Here too began his collaboration with that most delightful of men, Gil Evans, which was to produce "Sketches of Spain". The amount of musical intelligence packed into these recordings was immense and Miles recalls, for instance, that the drum voicings on the track "Saeta" derived not only from Arabic tonal scales of the black Moors but from the black bagpipers and drummers he had heard as a child at the Veiled Prophet Parades in St Louis. He clearly links the music of this period to the rise of the Civil Rights movement and documents the tremendous precision, not to say ruthlessness, with which he selected and instructed his musicians (the fraught relationship with Col-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trane, who was still using heroin, is particularly interesting). As he says of the Sun Ra Orkestra tenor player John Gilmore, one of many Miles fired, "his sound wasn't what I heard for the band".

Before the sixties, therefore, the history of modern American music was being written by ex-Miles Davis sidesmen. But this became

An uncompromising musical orginality and political edge have propelled Miles through four major phases of intense innovation

even more marked in Miles's mid-sixties Third Period when he led the fusion bands (which effectively invented jazz-funk) with the infant protegé drummer Tony Williams, Herbie Hancock and Chick Corea, who Miles coaxed onto Fender Rhodes electric pianos, and Wayne Shorter.

By 1968 jazz was, in sales terms, largely eclipsed by rock music and, while scornful of the "hillbilly music" of the English rockers, Davis was alert to the changing audiences and appreciative of musicians like Hendrix and Sly Stone. He also had his own liking for black funk idioms: "Road house honky tonky funky thing that people used to dance to on Friday and Saturday nights." Here, to critical outrage, Miles's expressive lyricism turned into something harsher and live-evil (as one of the fiercest albums of this period was palindromically entitled), the shards and angular rhythms of "Bitches Brew" and "On the Corner".

This epoch ended with Davis's infamous live non-appearances with plastic amplified trumpet and wah wah pedal barely discernible above electronic cacophones. The fusion period effectively ended in a mess of cocaine, sleepers, ill-health, car crashes and violence. Between 1975 and 1980 Davis didn't pick up a trumpet and seldom left the darkened rooms of his Manhattan town house where he orchestrated orgies beneath portraits of Bird, Trane and Max Roach and faux black marble.

But out of these ashes came, miraculously, a fourth renaissance in the eighties with superb albums like *We Want Miles* and *Tutu*, a new composing technique, a new career as a painter and, at last, a lifestyle compatible with his diabetes and sickle cell anaemia. And new collaborators like Marcus Miller and Palle Mikkelberg who composed the beautiful album *Aura*, recorded in 1985 but only recently released.

There are times in this journey from the world of Mintons and 52nd Street to that of Prince and the syndrum where Davis's account is coarse and inexpressive, and he is as weird as ever about women. But his tender account of Bud Powell in Paris and viciously funny transcription of his visit, in black leather pants, to a White House dinner in the Reagan era reveal his personal sensitivity and political sharpness.

Shortly before his death, aged only 27, Jimi Hendrix was planning to record with Davis. Gil Evans in fact did make a fascinating recording of Hendrix compositions. That a rock guitarist should be so ranked by such jazz giants is indicative of Hendrix's stupendous talent and influence and Charles Murray's book does a brilliant and creative exercise in musicological detective work. In fact this is not so much a hagiography of Hendrix but a series of dense essays on 20th century popular music as glimpsed via Hendrix, "the first and last of the space age bluesmen".

Murray gets off to a pretty dollopish start on politics and racism (which "rock music professionals" really ought to take more seriously). But the material on Robert Johnson, Charlie Christian and John Coltrane is outstandingly good if somewhat tenuously linked to the professed subject. Murray is an able guitarist himself and this book is as much a homage to that instrument as to Jimi; indeed, one of the best chapters is a technical one on the Fender Stratocaster itself. Murray's wit is sometimes mere smart alecism but this remains a perplexing, scholarly, highly original homage to guitarism.

Sexing the language

THE DICTIONARY OF FEMINIST THEORY
Maggie Humm
Harvester £8.95 paperback/£30 hardback
WOMANWORDS
Jane Mills
Longman £12.95

Anne Smith

The Dictionary of Feminist Theory is academic, jargon-ridden, often abstruse and noticeably biased. This presumably makes it worthy if boring. *Womanwords* is lucid, intelligent, down to earth and a pleasure to read; worthwhile rather than worthy, correcting existing biases rather than just promoting new ones.

They set out, of course, to do different things. Maggie Humm aims to provide "a broad, cross-cultural and international account of contemporary feminist thought", where "international" means primarily French and Anglo-American. She hopes that "the dictionary contributes to the future of feminist theory by helping to prevent the eclipsing of feminist ideas".

Quite how her book does this is not clear. The abstract and superficially non-judgmental descriptions of ideas make this an intellectual book and no more. But then, as an intellectual exercise it falls down, for it excludes too much on the one hand and on the other it defeats itself at the point where non-judgmental becomes uncritical.

Under "Goddess", for example, Humm explains in a perfectly earnest way that "some feminists suggest that women's social position could be enhanced by Goddess worship and that belief in a female deity would give religion more meaning". But you cannot just *invent* or revive goddesses in the way this implies, or decide, for social reasons, to worship them once invented. Again, on abortion, she mentions that some of the arguments, both pro and con, are "very Eurocentric", and explains: "For example in Brahmin scriptures abortion is possible until the fifth month, when 'quickening' is confirmed." Why cite the Brahmin scriptures on this when nothing has been said of the western controversies over when a foetus might be said to be human, for Goddess's sake? Germaine Greer's book on female artists is ignored, both in the grudging entry for Greer and throughout the text.

The oddball side of the *Dictionary* might be endearing if it did not attempt to disguise itself in the cloak of academic respectability. I hated myself for laughing out loud at "Alchemy was founded by Mary the Jewess who invented the double-boiler". This is the sort of feminist book that inadvertently deals the Movement a terrible blow.

Womanwords is the sort of book you want to spread around. Compare the two on "Gossip". Humm, on the dangerous borderline of cliché between theory and ideal, gives it 11 lines, kicking off with the succinct, "A method by which women explore our lives". She explains: "Gossip is a way of solidifying female bonds and communal consciousness in small communities and is relevant to feminist theory." Mills gives it more than a page; she places it in cultural and historical context, quotes rather than just, as Humm does, cites Sheila Rowbotham, and also quotes Klein, Kamarowsky, Conklin, Drew, Osman and Erica Jong. After that, you are stimulated by informed, intelligent discussion on the role gossip plays in our lives. You also have the most relevant references.

Humm writes about "Maternal thinking" ("available to all women") and "Maternity" without mentioning the resistance many women have to both. Mills points out that while "maternal" has been used since 1492, "paternal" did not enter the language till 1605, and she quotes Simone de Beauvoir on the variability of the maternal instinct.

Humm is describing a wildly heterogeneous

Humm dismisses those who object that feminism is a white middle-class movement, but books like this will confirm them in their objections

mass of theories, giving more or less equal weight to the sublime and the ridiculous. The theories she describes seem to have their being, very often, in another dimension than that which most of us inhabit now. They appear to have come from nowhere and have travelled only in the direction of the leisured seminar. She dismisses those who object that feminism is a white middle-class movement in two sentences, but books like this one will confirm them in their objections. *Womanwords*, by contrast, is a book for here and now. You do not need a PhD to make sense of it and it stimulates intelligent debate. Out here in the real world we still need books like this.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Topham

War-torn children

LEGACY OF SILENCE: ENCOUNTERS WITH CHILDREN OF THE THIRD REICH
Dan Bar-On
Harvard University Press £19.95
A CHILD'S WAR: WORLD WAR II THROUGH THE EYES OF CHILDREN
Kati David
Ryan Publishing £12.95

Rodney Livingstone

How much do children suffer from wars and the other tragedies caused by adults? More than adults care to admit, I suspect.

The books by Bar-On and David present two contrasting views on the point. Bar-On, an Israeli psychologist of German origin, has interviewed the children of some of the major Nazi war criminals. Kati David tells the stories of people from different nations who experience World War II as children.

Bar-On is one of the first to study the children of leading war criminals. His starting point is to wonder what happens when an SS officer returns from the camps and lives with his family. Can he completely separate his two lives? And what happens to the children of a father who cried because his dog died, but could tell emotionless stories about the villages he had set on fire and the people he had ordered hanged?

His interviewees are a neglected group whose lives have been determined by their past (what is it like to grow up with a name like Heydrich and to decide not to change it?) and they are both eager to find a sympathetic listener and terrified by what he might elicit. On the whole, they emerge as a group of troubled people who have made impressive efforts to work through their inheritance (it's the ones who refused to be interviewed who deny the past totally).

Their problem is how to reconcile the father they have loved (even where he was absent or a vicious authoritarian) with the knowledge of his crimes. A significant number of fathers had committed suicide in the last days of the war and one of Bar-On's interviewees, Helmut, refuses to eat at home for fear that his mother would follow the example of Goebbels who poisoned his family before dying himself.

Helmut's own son committed suicide as well, and this highlights a further motif of the book: the fear that the "bad gene" had been handed down from father to son. Some refuse to have children for this reason. One or two make a radical break with the past, what Germans untranslatably call a *Flucht nach vorn* (a flight to the front), by identifying strongly with anti-fascist, left-wing causes. Renate became a defence lawyer so as to stand up for victims, but feels her father has made it hard for her to form relationships with men. Menachem even converted to Judaism and later became a rabbi in Jerusalem.

Bar-On's patient interrogation makes us realise that the question of how each child adapts to the truth about his or her father is also the question about how Germany as a whole should adjust to its past. In the light of wild talk about a possible Fourth Reich his book makes us aware that (quite apart from the strength of German democratic institutions) the situation is too complex for such facile analyses.

Kati David's stories are very moving and even more graphic: the starving Yuri, who hears of the human flesh on sale during the siege of Leningrad; Fiorella, whose best friend has his brains blown out next to her; Inge, who drags off the horse's head some Russian soldiers have thrown at her and proudly takes it home to feed the family; Hanka, a Jewish girl farmed out for money to a Polish family, who overhears them plotting to kill her because of the risk they are running.

Interestingly David's chidren feel less threatened by the bombing and other outward manifestations of the war than by being separated from their parents. This was the real trauma. David, a New York journalist of Jewish Hungarian extraction, feels the war made her stronger and is clearly pleased to see her experience confirmed by others. Their resilience is indeed impressive. It is also reassuring and may give satisfaction to some to perceive that the perpetrators' children have had a harder time than the victims' offspring.

But one wonders how true it is. David's highly dramatic technique of presenting their experiences in a fictionalised present tense lends them a spurious authenticity. How much of the self-confidence is simply the carapace which they were forced to adopt in self-defence? It is significant, perhaps, that the only one who dwells on his childhood anxieties is the little Swiss boy, Andre, who never saw more of the war than a German soldier patrolling the frontier.

Within her literary strategy there is no room to interrogate what lies behind the surface confidence. Fascinating and moving though her stories are, in the longer run it is Bar-On's humane probing that seems to provide the more comprehensive picture of the damage war wreaks on children.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The child in time

POSTCARDS FROM THE END OF THE WORLD: AN INVESTIGATION INTO THE MIND OF FIN-DE-SIECLE VIENNA
Larry Wolff
Collins £15.00

Boyd Tonkin

Future historians who want to find the key to Britain in the 1980s may not search in the Docklands, the Falklands or any other obvious place. Instead, they may seize on the parade of tormented and terrorised children dragged across the media year by year. The ghosts of Jasmine Beckford, Tyra Henry or Sukina Hammond could prove to have most to say about the way we were. Some keen-eyed cultural analysts will then do for the enterprise culture what Larry Wolff has done for Vienna's golden age. Their findings, like his, will make readers weep.

In the last months of 1899, the Viennese were waiting for the end of the world. Ethnic unrest, poverty and political paralysis tarnished the gilt of the imperial ("kaiserlich") and royal ("koniglich") Hapsburg empire: to its satirists, "Kakania", or Shitland. The city where Mahler, Klimt and Hoffmanstahl flourished gave thumping majorities to its Jew-baiting populist mayor, Karl Lueger. And as the new century beckoned, an extraordinary series of what we would call child abuse scandals gripped press and public.

Suddenly, it seemed, parents everywhere tortured and murdered their offspring. Then the shutter of denial came down as fast as it had lifted. Sixty years would pass in Europe before it rose again. Wolff has a tremendous theme, and his sleuthing makes the most of its promise. His book should douse for ever the soppier fantasies of Vienna's romantic decadence. It should also squash any leftover faith in the omniscience of one of its most ambitious citizens: Dr Sigmund Freud of 19 Berggasse.

Wolff views the 1899 cluster of child abuse cases as a knot of clues: "by pulling carefully but persistently, one can unravel analytically the whole social and cultural fabric." Like dreams, these horrors were, as Freud would say, "overdetermined". Anxieties about class, sexuality, motherhood, family, nationality and reason itself crowded into courtrooms, feature articles and café gossip.

He follows four of the stories that unfolded at breakneck speed between October and Christmas. First, a seduced and abandoned servant-girl was found dead in the woods, having shot her daughter and herself. Then came the two shattering trials that obsessed the city. Five-year-old Anna Hummel's "underclass" parents were convicted of her murder after years of unremitting cruelty. Neighbours knew; the police knew; but even the poorest home was sacrosanct. More disturbing to bourgeois Vienna was the execution of Marie Kutschera, a middle-class "wicked stepmother" and Myra Hindley figure who bullied seven detested children and finally killed one of them. Her conniving but "respectable" husband walked free.

By December, though, the urge to forget had got to work. A jury acquitted Rosa Marianek of the murder of her son in spite of her confession. Sacred motherhood had to be saved in time for Christmas, and Viennese sentiment triumphed over truth.

That *schmaltz*-loving burghers should want to bury their brief exposure to the underside of family life comes as no surprise. But Wolff has a stranger piece of blindness to explain. *Postcards...* is, above all, the story of a dog that didn't bark. In November 1899, Freud published *The Interpretation of Dreams*. Two years earlier, he had suppressed his own "seduction theory" in favour of the view that women patients fantasised memories of sexual abuse by close male relatives. Later, he would insist on children's fantasies of physical assault. As 1899 ended, he scoured the press in vain for reviews of the book that erected the Oedipus complex.

It would have taken a heroic spell of repression not to notice the front-page evidence of the real injury done by parents to their children. The father of psychoanalysis was up to it. "Only Freud could have saved the child abuse cases from oblivion by writing about them," Wolff suggests. "And Freud remained silent." At this pivot of his career, recognition of children's victimisation would have clipped the wings of the fledgling Oedipal theory.

Official Vienna, meanwhile, had its own motives for interring this bout of anguish and perplexity with the old century. Wolff's compelling history of these hectic weeks describes one of the great lost opportunities in European social thought. In the end, humankind could not bear very much reality. The waltz began once more, and it drowned the cries of the abused. Two generations elapsed before anyone heeded them again.

Doctor on the go

PRESERVING DISORDER
David Widgery
Pluto Press £24.95/£8.95

Sean French

Being a doctor would be the ideal profession for a writer, were it not for the fact that doctors don't have enough time to write. But a doctor sees more of a society than anyone else, more than most of us can possibly imagine.

A working doctor can still be a fanatical fascist, like Louis-Ferdinand Celine; or basically apolitical, like Anton Chekhov; or a left-wing activist, like David Widgery. But he must, at least to some extent, be a realist.

Much of the writing in alternative press in the late sixties, that by Richard Neville or John Peel for example, now seems sexist and middle-class in a way that would be offensive were not the hippyish language in which it was expressed so risible. The work in this collection is far less vulnerable to any of those charges and I wonder if that is because Widgery's studies and then work never allowed him to ignore the conditions of ordinary men and women.

But it's more than that. *Preserving Disorder* is like a brilliant balancing act, sustained over a period of more than twenty years. He is still, after all these years, a dangerous lefty, never sucked into mainstream politics, but nor has he ever retreated into cynical, self-indulgent extremism.

The book begins characteristically with an article written about the hippy phenomenon for the *New Statesman* in 1967 when Widgery was a teenage medical student. He argues that the movement's real importance has "nothing to do with LSD or geraniums" and goes on to link it with other movements in "Greece and Bolivia and Detroit".

It is equally characteristic that one of the last articles in the book should be a *New Society* report from 1988 at a time when nothing Widgery has argued for in previous essays has been achieved and much that he assumed didn't even need arguing for has been abolished or neutered. Nevertheless it manages to be a remarkably cheerful account of the survival of radical left-wing theatre at London's Hackney Empire. "I'm afraid," remarks Widgery in a short introduction to the article, "I prefer Ken Dodd on stage to Sammy and Rosie in the front room."

The best writing shows that for Widgery politics is at its best as a form of action

This sounds like a puzzlingly reactionary statement but I suspect that Widgery is arguing that there is something intrinsically radical about live theatre. The best writing in the book shows that for Widgery himself politics is at its best as a form of action. He remembers marches, sit-ins and strikes, and even the occasional conference. His moment of greatest political effectiveness may have been the time when politics and showbusiness merged in the founding of the Rock against Racism movement. And as he tellingly asks in these pages: "I'm never quite sure whether Rock Against Racism was the last gasp of the 1960s or the first wave of the music-politics alliance which has gone on to produce Band Aid and Artists Against Apartheid."

But then, as these essays repeatedly show, Widgery has always been particularly receptive to new currents, in music, popular culture, sexual politics. He is also, as a commentator, outstanding on small issues, on particular moments. It's on the big scheme that I part company with him. For me he is a left-wing romantic, like his heroes Rosa Luxemburg and Mayakovsky, superb rhetoricians, permanently disappointed with any socialist system of which they were a part.

I'm sure Widgery would consider that an insult. I mean it as a compliment, to him and to these essays.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Forks of frown

WILDISH THINGS
Ailbhe Smyth (editor)
Attic Press £7.95 paperback/£15.95 hardback
VOICES ONE: FORGIVENESS
Augustine Martin (editor)
Ryan Publishing £5.99 paperback/£12.95 hardback
A MOOD FOR LOVE AND OTHER STORIES
Mary Kenny
Quartet Books £11.95
THERE WE HAVE BEEN
Leland Bardwell
Attic Press £3.95

Brian McAvera

"As women, we have been denied the right to speak by the patriarchs who have appropriated unto themselves exclusive rights of public utterance. Let the sceptics count our voices in the courts, the legislature, the church, the multinational corporations. And let them also count the anthologies in which women's writings are represented. It will be quickly done."

The above comment comes from *Wildish Things*, an anthology of New Irish Women's Writing interleaving fiction and poetry by 30 writers, most of whom wrote their pieces especially for the anthology. Ailbhe Smyth, the editor, is clear about her aims: she was looking for writing which "without conforming to a predetermined agenda, was unashamedly rooted in the experiences and politics of women's lives diversely lived". She believes that "it would be a betrayal... to seek to impose patterns of sense and connection on work which is so various and still in process; a lie to smooth over jagged unresolved edges; dishonest to disguise the uncertainties which continue to undermine us".

Unlike Augustine Martin's *Voices One*, an anthology unashamedly labelled "Ireland's Best Contemporary Short Stories" in which the introduction quite definitely seeks to "impose patterns of sense and connection" by situating the works within the context of the history of the Irish short story (and does so admirably and succinctly), Smyth's book is baggier, more open-ended, and contains a higher proportion of work which is tentative. Both anthologists are generous in their mix of new and established writers. Smyth includes particularly strong work by Leland Bardwell, Clairr O'Connor, Medbh McGuckian and Eavan Boland.

Of Martin's 25 writers, ten are female, seven of whom do not appear in Smyth's volume. They include writers of the stature of Edna O'Brien, Val Mulkerns, Julia O'Faolain and Anne Devlin. Martin is a practised anthologist with a sure eye for a crafted story, and apart from the aforementioned women the book contains polished stories by exponents as various as the vernacular Northerner Sam McAughtry, Sebastian Barry, John Banville, William Trevor and Desmond Hogan.

A Mood for Love and Other Stories is a first collection of stories by author and journalist Mary Kenny which, according to the blurb, vividly captures the essence of latter-day feminism. Kenny is a sharply observant writer with a gift for sly detail and the craft of the essayist. I think that the stories are meant to be in the manner of a Katherine Mansfield, albeit crossed with very traditional Irish themes, but they are vitiated by a rather knowing up-market colour-supplement prose as in the title story, or by an indeterminate shape as in "Why I am a Feminist".

By way of a contrast Leland Bardwell's *There We Have Been*, a slim novella of 95 pages, is the work of a writer of real authority. Unlike Kenny she can create rounded characters and her style—pared, allusive and resonant as opposed to Kenny's garrulousness—is admirably suited to her subject matter.

The story is slender: Dilligence Strong, after 30 years across the water, returns to her birthplace, a run-down farm situated in the North of Ireland, somewhere near the border. There she attempts to work the land despite the dourness of her brother and co-owner Reynold. She becomes involved with a dispossessed young woman called Cathy, reunites briefly with a youthful lover, and relives memories of her sister Constance who was believed to have died in a fire.

Framing this story we have two chapters in which one Doctor le Strange (aka Constance), a seemingly lunatic doctor, meets Cathy and finally brings her a form of sexual release: the young girl, is however, institutionalised. If the story is slight the narrative implications are complex. A sentence from Martin's comments on the Irish short story is apposite. "...emigration, sexual hunger, rural depopulation and poverty, religious anxiety, the tyranny of routine, political compromise as well as the universal concerns of greed, power, loneliness, social injustice..." are recurring themes.

They all occur in Bardwell's novella and there lies both its strength and its weakness. In the manner of early Hesse, Bardwell is clearly aiming for a fabular format. The political undertow of "four damp fields" (the four provinces of Ireland) and the comments such as "if Reynold and I couldn't pull together we'd starve" along with repeated references to sectarian differences suggest a fable about the need for political compromise, albeit one with a bleak conclusion.

Again and again there is a demythologising bent to traditional themes, be they The Big House, now a rambling ruin, or the Rousseau-style Wild Spirit here transformed into a surly, thieving young woman. The problem is that the multiplicity of rich themes remains undeveloped, but the pleasure lies in the taut prose style which is richly evocative in phrase-making—a forehead is described as a fork of frown.

Bardwell is a natural writer who will, I hope, produce work of a more substantial length in the future. She may not shape or develop a story as stylishly as, say, Jennifer Johnston, but there is a grittiness of attack allied to a poet's apprehension of language in Bardwell, qualities which are rarely present in the fine novels which have flowed from the pen of Johnston.

The death of Tinkerbell

AN AWFULLY BIG ADVENTURE
Beryl Bainbridge
Duckworth £10.95

Nicci Gerrard

This is Beryl Bainbridge's first adult novel for five years, and initially it seems as if a sweet whiff of her writing for children curls round the edges of its chilly humour. The title harks back to jolly yarns and to Peter Pan's brave hopes; the setting is the raffish fifties society of weekly rep in Liverpool, where everyone is smeared with greasepaint and called "ducky"; the central character Stella—no star but assistant stage manager—is an aspiring actress who extracts drama out of the dustiest situations. The novel that Beryl Bainbridge evokes and rewrites is, inevitably, Priestley's *Good Companions*—a novel that has always struck me as more suitable for children than adults; and the play they rehearse is *Peter Pan*.

But in *An Awfully Big Adventure* Tinkerbell dies when Stella fails to re-illuminate the torch that represents her: "For a moment the clapping continued, rose in volume, then died rag-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gedly away, replaced by a tumult of weeping." And Stella herself might be innocent, but she is also conniving. Nor does she achieve stardom or the admiration of her hero, the camp and ageing director, Meredith Potter. Instead the novel, with its ear for provincial manners, its undercurrents of violence, unlovely sexual encounters and increasingly brittle theatrical dialogues, tells a sinister story of emotional abuse. Beneath the saccharine surface lies a bitter subtext of deserted children and neglected mothers.

Beryl Bainbridge has always been a mistress of mordant humour and cruel insights. Puffed-up whimsy collides with reality's pricks, becoming absurd: when Stella is kissed by callow Geoffrey (she thinks of it as a rehearsal for Meredith), she is simply "glad her ears were clean. Every fortnight, on bath night, Lily probed them with a kirby grip." When she loses her virginity to Captain Hook ("it had to happen sometime and now was as good time as any"), she shrugs off the experience: "I expect there's a knack to it. It's very intimate, isn't it?"

But in spite of its sharp set pieces, self-conscious theatricality and hilarious one-liners, *An Awfully Big Adventure* is wistful rather than edgy. The Liverpool that Bainbridge describes manages to be both Gothic and sepia-tinted. Behind the gilt and bright light is a colourless and seedy world.

Death, as Peter Pan says, might be an awfully big adventure—but life seems an awfully joyless business.

As old as the century

WOMEN REMEMBER: AN ORAL HISTORY
Anne Smith
Routledge £20

Margot Jefferys

We can probably all recall colourful characters among our own ancestors, those whose stoicism or eccentricity filled us with wonder, admiration and, perhaps, envy. Their exploits, possibly embroidered in the telling, only form part of our in-family folk history, passed on by parents to children by word of mouth. They are seldom recorded.

In this book, Anne Smith gives us a delightful and memorable read. She combines literary and journalistic skills with her own experience to give us vivid accounts of 12 women who began life at the beginning of the 20th century and who survived into their late eighties. For this achievement alone they, and indeed all other octogenarians alive today, are remarkable— when they were born, life expectancy for women was less than 60 years. Fewer than 10 per cent of that generation could expect to live to 85.

Smith tells the stories of her chosen 12, largely in their own words. She took time to get to know them and establish a relationship of trust and friendship. Only then did she ask them to record what they had to say about their parents, childhood, school days, relationships with their husbands, life experiences, beliefs, joys and sorrows. Her questions were clearly not inquisitorial. Nor were they designed to elicit from all of them comparable information which could then be analysed, and used to construct a social history.

All the same, the accounts these 12 women give of their lives do convey both the astonishing changes in life styles and values which have occurred within living memory and, paradoxically, the equally strong and strange continuities which make their experience of childhood, adolescence and maturation in some ways equivalent to those of all women born in the 20th century. They speak to us directly about the meaning of our lives as well as theirs. In her "Afterword" Anne Smith says that knowing the women changed her, altered her perspective on her own life and, enigmatically, "connected me up better to the continuity of my own sex".

For readers, the impact of the book is not likely to have quite such a dramatic significance; but they should all enjoy most of the accounts and particularly the outrageous but magnificent name-dropping of one of the women—Kathleen Tacchi-Morris— who claims the Duke of Windsor and Picasso, to name but two, among her intimate friends, and who at 89 still works hard for world disarmament: "Because God doesn't do it—somebody's got to do it!"

Talking Trouble

New Statesman & Society at the ICA

■ hot news/cool arguments ■

Monday
15 January at 6.30 pm

Sex and the Media

with Clare Short MP and others; Sarah Benton (NSS) Chairs the discussion

Talking Trouble will take place on the third Monday of each month at the ICA. These occasions will give you the opportunity to listen to and debate with major commentators, journalists and critics on the events of the immediate concern, often the focus for more strategic arguments.
In order to ensure that Talking Trouble evenings respond up to the minute on issues that look set to capture widespread imagination and concern, the ICA and *New Statesman and Society* will set programmes only one week in advance. Subjects and authors will be featured in the relevant week's issue of NSS.

ICA Institute of Contemporary Arts, the Mall, London, SW1. Box office: 01 930 0493.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POETRY

A Crumb

Philip Gross

As you pause to flick away
one crumb, all you've been saying, all
I was about to say

deserts me. I see tired
skin crinkling, dustily, crepe-papery,
stretched tight, inside

your elbow, in that place
with no particular name. If I could salve
that dryness... I can't make

you beautiful. It frightens me,
how little we miss, so close. Not a crumb.
What do you see

sidelong, like this, that I
deceive myself I hide; see, saying nothing,
loving somehow, somehow shy

to touch? What love can't do
is save us from ourselves or from each other.
It can't do much, except be true.

Sloyan Doyle

Jonathan Wonham

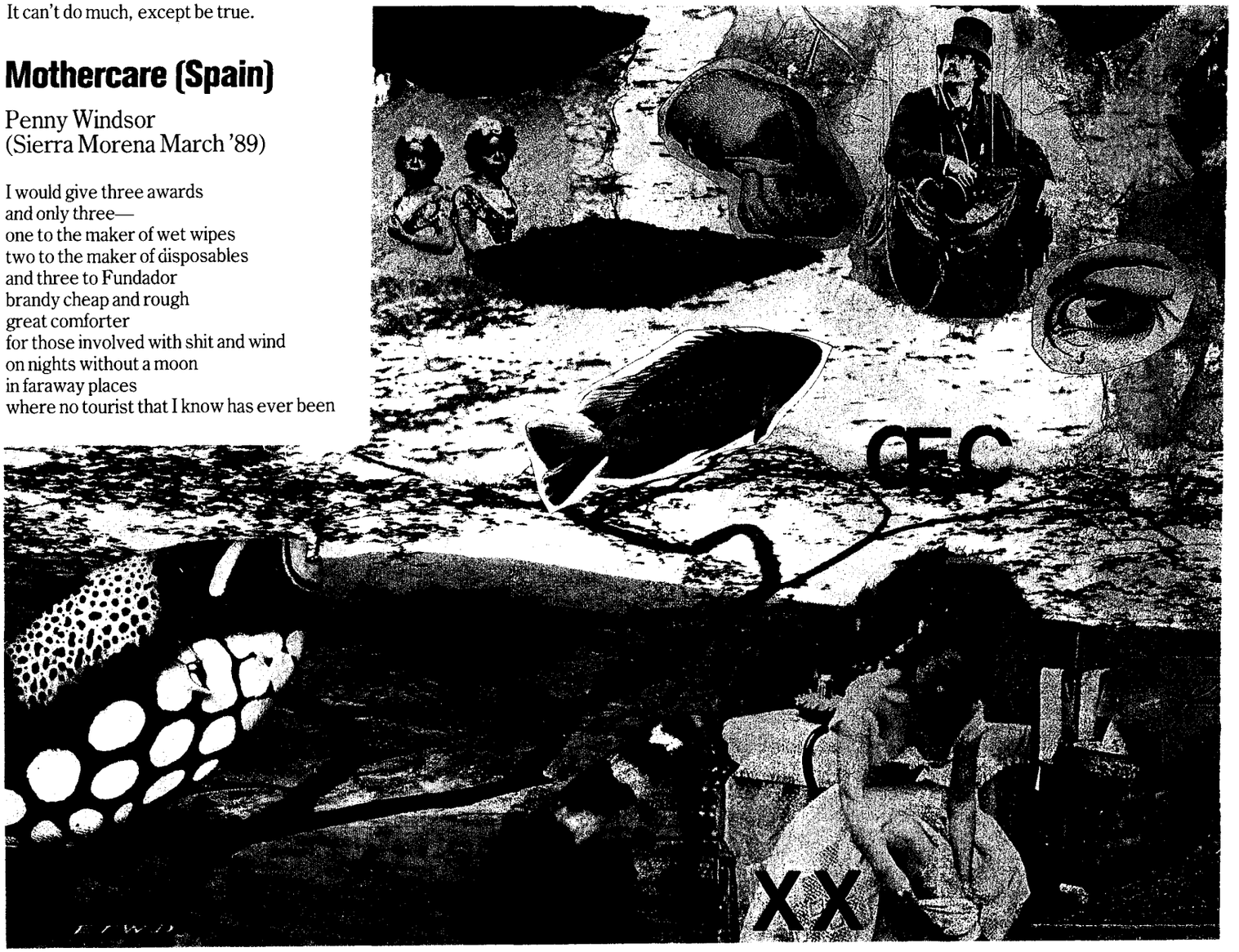
A drink of the sweet black liquor
brewed from molasses and mixed with brick-dust
And put mine on the slate. My credit's good.
I'll pay for all my short-comings
one day in unreciprocated lust.
So what? There's times I just can't bear
to think of all that stuff.
Two people filling up with burning leaves
and sitting quietly, dribbling smoke.

Imagine this for once. A baubel made of lead
swings through the dark. A house
sags to the ground like jeans
of two secrets young lovers at a fair.
They blink and something's gone.
But in its place, stood proud
above them is the shattered stair
supported like an endless climbing vapour
on the night-time air.

Mothercare (Spain)

Penny Windsor
(Sierra Morena March '89)

I would give three awards
and only three—
one to the maker of wet wipes
two to the maker of disposables
and three to Fundador
brandy cheap and rough
great comforter
for those involved with shit and wind
on nights without a moon
in faraway places
where no tourist that I know has ever been



Oliver Burston

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Single Life

Lachlan Mackinnon

The aquarium in the Chinese take-away
bumps the noses of gross, bulb-headed fish whose
eyes plead
for the excellence of their trapped souls like postulant
anorexics floundering in obesity. They mouth
and mouth but cannot reproduce the costive
knowing vowels of girls at tables in the restaurant
with their assured, imperious
"You eat that this way",
nuzzling the bottom for missed feed, expertly spitting
gravel.

I wait over a glass of white wine. Through plastic
strips
masking a door, smells drift and a television
shows me some muddy water and a dead tree
trying to drown. The rains have come and gone
like a net curtain when the breeze turns.
Lions assemble at the water, giving
each other the odd sideways high-table glance.
A snake swallows a frog. The legs stop moving.

Shrimping (for Alan)

Peter Norman

I know I'm pulling adult rank
making you lug the blue, castellated bucket
while I trawl compulsively
under tempting skirts of emerald weed.

I'm new to this game: blackberrying,
with its promise of yet more succulent sprays
around every bend, comes nearest
to its addictive charm.

Long-shadowed hunter-gatherers, we stray
farther along the teeming shore.
I should take you back—and will,
after one more wind-ruffled pool.

And you seem happy, after all,
lugging the slopping pail, inspecting
its contents proudly, the whiskered
and crusted embodiments of sand.

Until suddenly you slip and sprawl
over a green, slicked-down rock
and squander our hoarded catch
into some shallow, waiting pool.

It doesn't matter, I say—
and catch myself meaning it too,
For though the tiny curled bodies
would have tasted fine tonight

sucked clean of their sea-juice
it's enough to have done all this;
what we commit to memory is not
the lost prize, but the sunlit search.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beverley Levy

Back to the future

As tremors of apocalypse once more start to rumble, Terry Eagleton looks towards the coming fin de siècle

Whereas the last *fin de siècle* arrived with impeccable timing right at the end of the 19th century, it's possible that ours may have happened already. For the swinging sixties were in many ways a replay of the naughty nineties, mirroring that bizarre epoch with uncanny precision. Sexual and political emancipation were once more in the air, late-Victorian Simple Lifers returned in the guise of hippies, the Aesthetes and Decadents were with us again in the shape of consumer hedonism, and Oscar Wilde rose from his tomb as Roland Barthes.

Both periods were plagued by a rash of pseudo-religions. The *fin de siècle* turned to magic and theosophy, while their sixties descendants embraced astrology and the *I Ching*. Phoney primitivisms were rife in both eras, with hordes of self-castigating intellectuals taking to the hills. And just as some dissident sages of late Victorian England found solace in Madame Blavatsky and the so-called orient, so the flower children trekked to the Himalayas in search of a solution to monopoly capitalism.

All of this, at the end of the 19th century, signalled a massive crisis of Victorian rationality. From about the mid-1870s onwards, as the economy dips into recession and the age of high imperialism gets under way, the feeling of the culture shifts from the earnest to the exotic, from system to sensation.

Pragmatism challenges rationalism in philosophy, and modernism ousts realism in art. Art either turns its back on an increasingly alienated world for the higher reaches of symbolism, or—as with naturalism—prides itself on the clinical neutrality with which it registers this unappetising environment, warts and all. If reality is progressively meaningless and mechanised, then you can turn instead to the rich intricacies of subjective experience, disappearing up your own psychological subtleties and chewing, like the late convoluted Henry James, more than you can bite off. For Pater and the Aesthetes, the measure of the good life becomes intensity rather than truth, impulse rather than dogma. But the void looms large beneath this archey self-conscious hedonism,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Arthur Schopenhauer, gloomiest philosopher of them all, is back in business for Thomas Hardy and George Gissing.

For the high Victorians, the world was still story-shaped, with the form of a logical narrative about it. Now, with the new Nietzscheanism, reality is eternal chaos and thought, art or politics mere arbitrary fictions imposed upon it.

In an increasingly irrational society lurching towards military conflagration, the dead hand of Victorian rationalism gives way to a cult of the deviant, extreme and outrageous. Dandy, dopehead and devil-worshipper are the age's patron saints. The great Victorian doctrinal systems are steadily undermined by impressionism and subjectivism; and just at the point where imperialism needs to assert the absolutism of its own values, a subversive cultural relativism takes grip on the collective sensibility. Mechanistic philosophies yield to vitalist ones: like the structuralism of the 1960s, the *fin de siècle* sees humanity as propelled by great forces opaque to consciousness, and Freud is busy formalising this world-view into a revolutionary science. As with structuralism, the age is awash with intimations of the "end of Man", trembling on the brink of some apocalyptic revelation.

The depressing point is just how little has changed. In the culture of postmodernism, Nietzsche is back on the agenda, the fragment triumphs over the system, rationality is in deep disrepute and tremors of apocalypse once more shake the temple. The dopeheads, devil-worshippers and phoney religious devotees are back in town, though the *fin de siècle's* flamboyant individualism has lost ground to the blank, decentred subject.

Where the sixties parallel the *fin de siècle* more closely than our own times is that in both periods a new "turn to the subject" was caught up, sometimes contradictorily, with the emergence of great collective political movements. If the end of the 19th century is the age of Aubrey Beardsley, it's equally the era of William Morris, of anarchism and feminism, the new unionism and revolutionary socialism. In the 1960s, somewhat similarly, life-style experiment and civil rights, doing your own thing and anti-imperialist struggle, for a while sat incongruously cheek by jowl.

Like the 19th century, we lived through a crisis of capitalism in the seventies too. But the moment of the fight for global political emancipation had happened *already*, leaving the more politically ambiguous aspects of the Victorian *fin de siècle* on the other side of that divide. This isn't to claim that the postmodernist challenge to traditional rationality is a politically useless passion; but it's usually only in retrospect that one can know which of those currents presaged some new birth, and which were simply the death-rattlings of the old order.

Looking back on the end of the 19th century, it's now possible to discriminate between those questionings of the Victorian rationalism which were to prove politically fruitful, and those flights into myth, vitalism and primitivism which were to lead to the death camps. No doubt someone, some day, will be able to do the same for us.

Stepanova "Design for sportswear", 1923

Art

Brave new visionaries

Charlotte Du Cann on art that still makes heroes of us all

It is difficult to imagine any artists in the west dedicating their talents to creating everyday objects (unless you count William Morris's homely romanticism). It is even more difficult imagining a whole movement doing so. But after 1915 Soviet artists took their creativity from the easel and focused it upon the quotidien life of the brave new state, with an optimism that has never since been equalled.

Alexandr Rodchenko and **Varvara Stepanova** (showing at the Serpentine Gallery, Kensington Gardens, London W2 until 28 January) were among the pioneer constructivists. The current exhibition shows the full extent of their partnership, from their painting and photography to their reworking of every surface they could lay their hands on: from furniture to sweet wrappers, from their graphic collaboration with the poet Mayakovsky to designing factory uniforms. It is ironic that at a time when communism is definitely out of fashion, the art of the early Soviet period should still be so influential.

Soviet constructivist design represents an idealisation of industrial society to a society which has lost both its ideals and its industry. As such it presents a nostalgic vision of the modern world that has all the directness and the enthusiasm of a child when confronted with new building blocks. Its geometry, inspired by wheels of industry and the new urban man, is drawn upon by contemporary designers tired by the storytelling of its own decade.

In a weary postmodern age, the shocking positivism of the constructivists has been stolen shamelessly. Soviet style, as delineated by Rodchenko and others, appeared on the covers of paperback books, on theatre posters and in style magazine graphics throughout the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eighties. It was used continually by fashion designers, most famously by Jean Paul Gaultier who splashed bold Cyrillic script over tough sportswear and cut jackets that echoed the black, red and white graphics of the twenties, and most recently by an Italian fashion label called "Soviet".

At one time the Soviet red star was on the lapel of every hipster's suit. Soviet style in this context meant, simply, bold design. As the style decade comes to a close, this modern look is being courted for something besides its brilliantly executed surface.

Modernism is a nostalgia. Unlike the modernism that came out of sixties America which was a style based on an extraterrestrial future (the *Star Trek* syndrome), Soviet modernism is fixed firmly in an earthbound present. It is this dramatisation of the ordinary and the real that makes it so pertinent now. In a financially unstable climate, nobody wants to walk abroad like a bejewelled prince, in case they might lose their head.

As barriers break down between countries, it is egalitarian chic as designed by Rodchenko and Stepanova that we seek. (At least in the west. In a fashion show held recently in Estonia, a designer, whose work was based upon such imagery, went unapplauded.)

In the cities of triumphant capitalism, this emerges in all aspects of what was once fondly called lifestyle, from the billing of that transport café classic, sausages, mash and beans, in slick London restaurant menus to Joseph's new range of clothes, *vetements de travail*, based on traditional workwear. As photography moves out of the studio and back on to the street and contemporary men order small beer where once only champagne would have done, it is exhibitions such as this that help glamorise our new found post-industrial austerity.

It is ironic of course that both Rodchenko and Stepanova's work was later disapproved of by the establishment because it was not real enough. The acute angling of Rodchenko's photography was pronounced bourgeois and derivative. Their use of geometric form was declared elitist. In a state where the narrative had to run along party lines, abstraction of any sort was considered suspect. Faced by a choice between art to rule or silence, Rodchenko chose silence.

In a letter to his daughter, Varvara, in 1943, he wrote: "Do not live like me, live simply, like everybody else. I did not want to live like 'everybody else'. I was famous. I was known throughout Europe, in France, Germany, in America. Now I have nothing. Since 1921 I have been forgotten, irrevocably..."

Well, not quite. Free from whatever tyranny of ignorance in which artists happen to live, their work can still survive as a testament to untampered creativity.

"Why is it only the mediocre and the conventional are considered correct?" sighed Rodchenko in another letter.

In retrospect at least, it is alright to be avant-garde. Though these constructivists, were they here, might doubt the viewer's motives for reappraising their designs, they could not hope for a better tribute.

Film

Putting sex back in its place

Pressure is on men to perform in new ways, says Angela McRobbie

When an American blockbuster film with an unprepossessing title like **Parenthood** is released to great acclaim, it is clear that something is going on in the world of cinema culture, which can neither be explained simply by reference to Aids nor to the creeping success of the moral majority. Nor are demographic factors like the gradual ageing of the population sufficient to explain the appeal of a film where the hero, Gil, (Steve Martin) is silver-haired and 40 something, and its sexiest moment occurs after an exhausting Saturday spent with the children at a baseball match when tired Gil falls into bed with the even-more-tired Karen and after approximately 30 seconds of love-making says: "Oh, have I got there already?" At which point he is distracted by the failings of the teachers at his son's local school and loses interest entirely in wherever it was that he had got to.

The deep social fears and anxieties which are reflected in *Parenthood* evolve entirely round the question of family life. The film recognises that irreversible changes have taken place in the family. Couples split up when there are children and when there are none. From now on children can expect to grow up in anything but the nuclear family.

Different types of household have developed to take this factor into account. New ways of living have given rise to new familial relations, half-sisters live with half-brothers. Children move from one household to the other, weekdays, weekends, holidays. *Parenthood* doesn't try to role back the carpet. Instead it pokes gentle fun at these new combinations and suggests that, for the good of the child, we adults lower our expectations. Family love is better than single sex, and who cares if the earth doesn't always move. This is a film where everybody is ordinary, nobody is fabulously good-looking, where the family is not romanticised or even celebrated, but is simply asserted as the framework within which people live out their lives and bring home their failures as well as their, mostly small, successes.

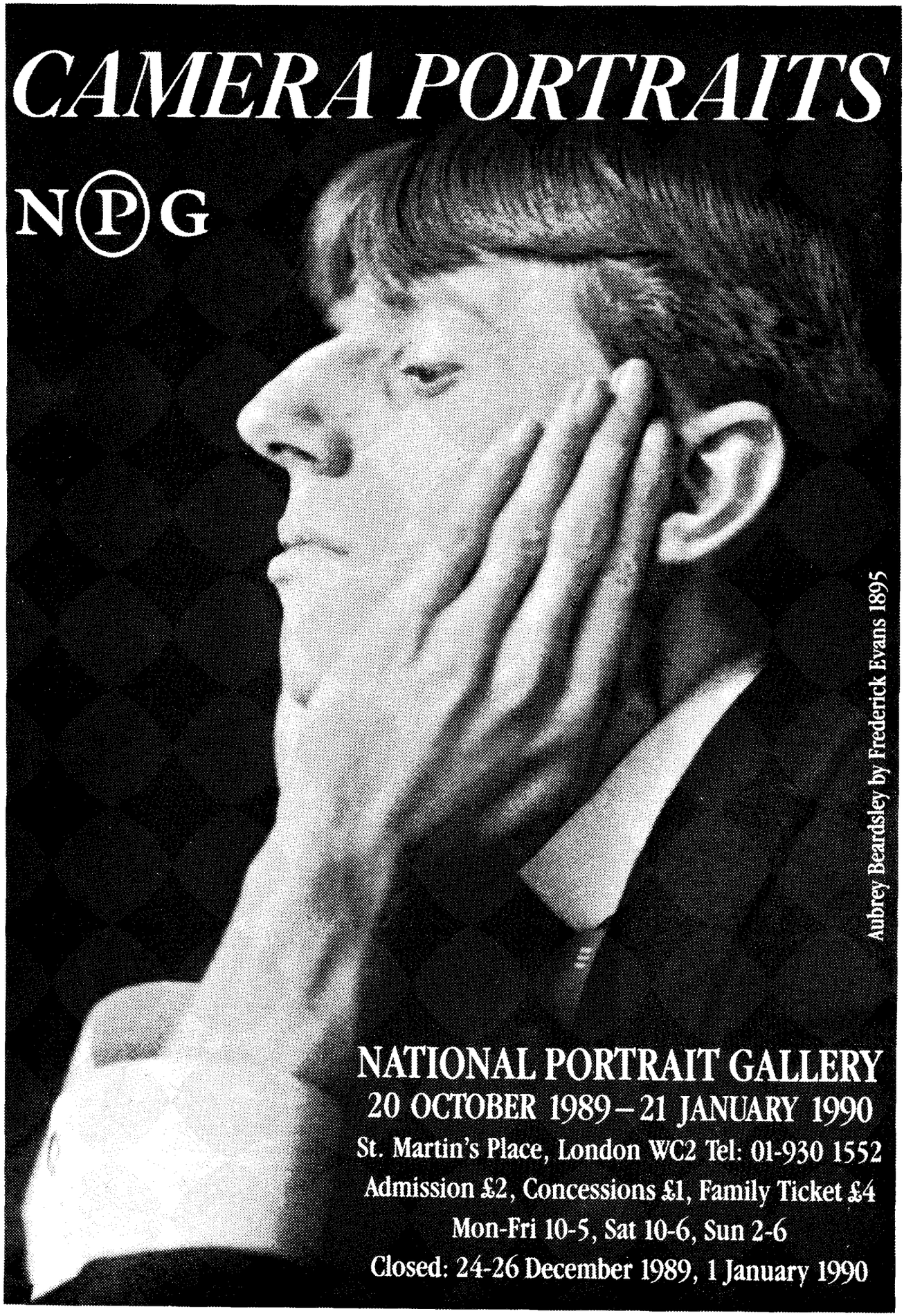
In *Parenthood* the world of work, so seductively portrayed only three years ago in another blockbuster *Wall Street*, is at best a means of earning a living and at worst somewhere that men only get promotion if they manage to set their visiting clients up with call girls, or "prostitutes" as Gil spells it out, to emphasise his disapproval, when he tries to explain to his wife why he handed in his resignation. For her part Karen (Mary Steenburgen) is thinking vaguely (but only vaguely) of getting back to work as her youngest child approaches school age. That thought is put paid to when, presumably as a result of one of their less interrupted sexy moments ("Have I got *there* already?") she gets pregnant with her fourth child.

Gil and his family are at the heart of *Parenthood*. Gil feels deeply that his own father did not give his children the attention they deserved. He is determined to get it right this time and, as a result, spends more time with his kids than his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMERA PORTRAITS

NPG



Aubrey Beardsley by Frederick Evans 1895

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

20 OCTOBER 1989 – 21 JANUARY 1990

St. Martin's Place, London WC2 Tel: 01-930 1552

Admission £2, Concessions £1, Family Ticket £4

Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 10-6, Sun 2-6

Closed: 24-26 December 1989, 1 January 1990

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

colleagues in the company. His son is labelled emotionally disturbed by his teachers who want him placed in a special school. Karen and Gil see him as gifted and sensitive. He is a "special" child who needs as much parental attention as they can give. As a result Gil gives up his leisure time to coach him in baseball and to entertain him and his friends at his birthday party dressed as Cowboy Bob.

Karen "glows" periodically with maternal fulfilment and in these moments Gil tells her how much he loves her.

Gil's sister Helen (Dianne West) is a divorcee struggling to bring up her children alone, and his other sister is married to a man who is obsessed by education, and tutors his three-year-old daughter as though she was preparing for her finals. The youngest brother of the family, the black sheep, has returned to this white, lower-middle-class community with a mixed-race child. There are raised eyebrows round the table, but happily not for long.

In the end everyone that is female has a baby. And if the men could, they would. Even Helen who eventually goes out with her son's biology teacher has one, and thus brings love, men and sex to what had been a celibate single family set up. Baseball, children's parties, TV dinners, toddlers, babies, more babies. Who in their

This is a film where everybody is ordinary, nobody is fabulously good-looking, where the family is not romanticised, simply the framework of people's lives

right mind could find pleasure in this pre-John Updike version of small town America? Who could allow themselves to be overwhelmed by these good old values barely disguised in the language of the "new"?

I for one was. Not just because the humour was infective and the soundtrack was by Randy Newman. *Parenthood* succeeds for three quite simple reasons. First, its real subject matter, apart from those other moments that would appeal to the average member of the moral majority, is that huge unending space of time which we give over to our children. The long waits in the playground, the hours in the supermarket, the "activities", the treats, the anxieties. To call this "domestic labour" or "reproduction" was never quite right. It remains not good or bad but simply life, around which work, sex, achievement, and disappointment wind their own inevitable paths.

Second *Parenthood* puts sex back in its place. Twenty years of the sexualisation of culture have taken their toll. The pressure on men to perform in the sexual olympics of the body beautiful are here replaced by other kinds of performance. For some of the time at least it is sufficient simply to be a "dad". Finally, the film works because delinquent-looking boyfriends turn out to be nice guys, women in their late forties end up giving birth, and decent men who don't get laid by prostitutes get offered their jobs back. It's a long way from *Klute*.

Advertising

Selling Mickey by the pound

Europe is soon to be invaded by Disneyland. Martin Parker reports

Last autumn I discovered that I could be the proud owner of a bit of Mickey Mouse. An extensive advertising campaign informed the great British public that Eurodisneyland was coming to Paris in 1992. According to the adverts, all it took was that we "imagine..." A lot of people did a bit of imagining and the shares were oversubscribed by seven times. The stock exchange were so worried about the growth of a disorderly market that they allowed dealing in the shares to begin two weeks before the official flotation date. With the foundations now laid it seems right to ask about the Euroculture of the future.

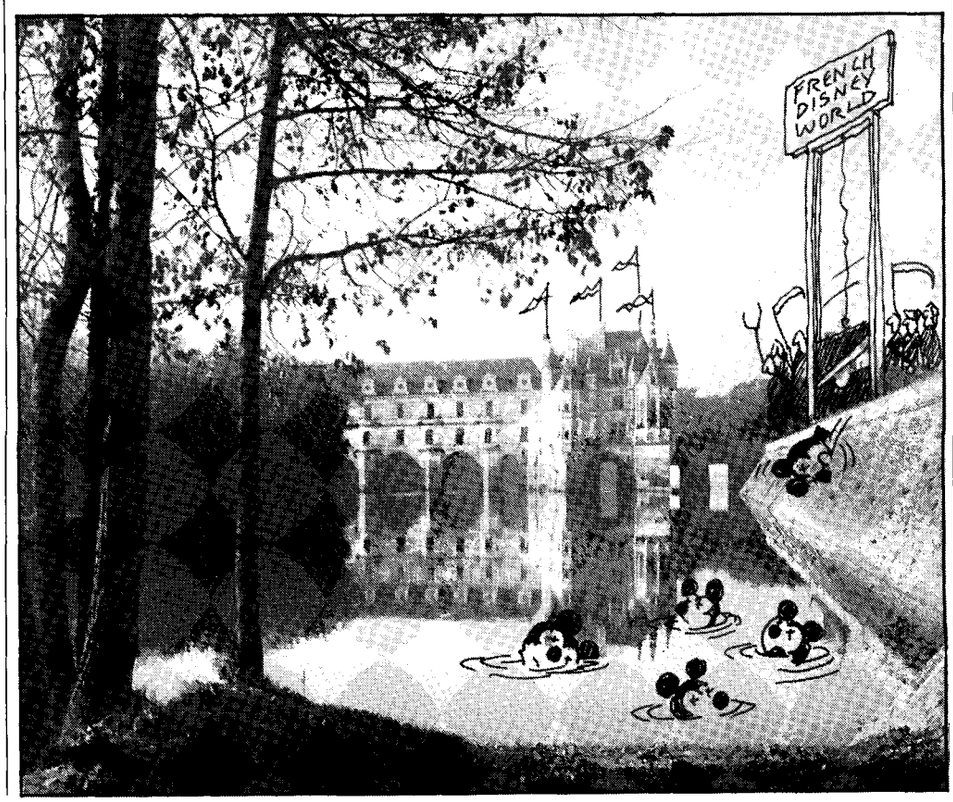
I can hear a squeaky voice telling me, "it's just another theme park" but let's look at some sobering facts. Disney owns two theme parks, in California and Florida. They also get royalties from the operation of Tokyo Disneyland, a franchise-type arrangement that opened in 1983. 51 million visitors—not much less than the entire population of France—made the trip to these parks in 1988 alone. Alton Towers gets about 2.2 million, a sunny bank holiday in Clacton by comparison. The revenue from these visits was well over two billion dollars.

Add to that films, publishing and merchandising and you realise that Mickey's squeaky voice gets heard in a lot of places. The Europark is similarly gobsmacking. Long term plans refer to two theme parks, over 18,000 hotel rooms, campsites, golf courses, shopping centres and a "multi purpose corporate park". Just imagine...

The imagining business is serious stuff at Disney. A wholly owned subsidiary of The Walt Disney Company is Walt Disney Imagineering. These creative types buzz around thinking of new ways to entertain the peoples of the world. Herewith the first problem. If these imagineers are so creative why can't they design a theme park that doesn't have a "Mainstreet USA" or a "Frontierland"?

Even the hotels planned around the park reflect an imagination limited to re-runs of Hollywood fantasies. One will be themed around New York, others include a "wilderness" concept, a small frontier town and a Mexican pueblo. The French were worried enough about the dangers of Americanisation to insist that one of the attractions should be based around a European cultural theme but I can't smell much garlic on the rodent's breath from where I'm sitting.

Disney's own attempts at cultural harmonisation look pretty feeble. The queueing areas will be covered because of France's inclement weather. There will be more emphasis on the European fairy stories: *Snow White* and *Pinocchio* to the front of the queue, *Bambi* and *Dumbo* to the back. The first language will be French and the food more varied than that offered in the US parks. The oddest thing is the castle. Since we Europeans are already familiar with French and German castles, upon which Disney castles are based, we can't have one of those. Instead we will be offered a fantasy



Nigel Paige

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Visit Collets

books
records
cassettes
clothing
mugs
calendars
cards
badges
british
russian
east european

RE-OPENED
RE-STRUCTURED
EXTENDED PREMISES

London's most exciting bookshop

129-131 Charing Cross Rd., London WC2H 0EQ.
Tel: 01 734 0782/3

LONDON LIGHTHOUSE AND BODY POSITIVE

CHARITY PERFORMANCE
in the presence of HRH The Princess Margaret

AUSTEN BROS CIRCUS LIMITED

at the **Hippodrome Big Top, Battersea Park**
(Chelsea Bridge Entrance Only)

on

FRIDAY 5TH JANUARY 1990 AT 11.30PM

ADMISSION FREE

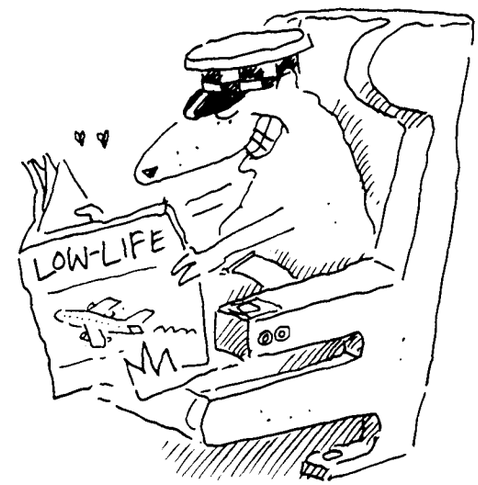
Donations will be collected by celebrities throughout the show
A seat cannot be guaranteed — come early!
(Doors Open at 10.30pm)

LAST ADMISSION 11.15pm

Ample Free Car Parking ★ Further information 01-792 1200

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL
presents

The Famous Compere's Policedog: The World Tour



14th January

Jenny Lecoat
John Sparkes
Gary Howard &
the Flying Pickets
Martin Soan
Ronnie Golden & the Rex
Chris Lynam
Les Bubb
Joan Collins Fan Club
with Russell Cherney
Kevin Day
The Panic Brothers
Jo Brand
Arthur Smith

21st January

James Macabre
Nick Revell
Otis Cannelloni
Steve Rawlings
Steve Murray
Johnny Immaterial
(& Los Propertos)
John Lenahan
John Hegley &
the Popticians
Michael Redmond
Tony Allen
Jungr & Parker
Judy Pascoe
Doon
Gerry Sadowitz

28th January

Skint Video
John Moloney
Jenny Eclair
Kit Hollerbach
Jeremy Hardy
Patrick Marber
Mark Thomas
Arloe Barlow
Sean Hughes &
Steve Frost
Lee Cornes
Hope Augustus
Simon Fanshawe
Some Like it Hot

DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE
St. Martin's Lane, WC2

Tickets £12.50 £9.50 £8.50
Start time: 7.00pm
Box office tel: 01-836 5122

SUPPORTED BY
Time Out
LONDON'S WEEKLY GUIDE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

castle. Can't say I thought the other ones looked too realistic myself?

Surrounding the castle is a web of deals with various French organisations that really illustrates the big francs that are involved. Disney was given the 5,000 acres 32km west of Paris at 1971 agricultural prices. It has set up a management company with a 51 per cent stake in an operating company. The rest of the finance came from the flotation. Disney then licenses the companies to use Disney's "intellectual property" in return for a percentage of revenue. In expectation of megafrancs to come the French are going to extend the motorway and train networks to service the site. However, if traffic or taxation revenue falls below limits by the set dates then Disney are committed to penalty payments.

There are 330 million Europeans living within a two-hour flight of the magic kingdom. After the much heralded 1992 they will be able to celebrate European integration by pretending that they are in California, county of Marne-la-Vallee. The anglais will be able to zoom straight down the tunnel and into fantasia. Disney predict that 11 million Europeans will visit the site in the first year alone.

It would be easy to dismiss Disney as cultural imperialists importing one-dimensional culture on a vast scale. It appeals to our sense of superiority, of having culture where the new world does not. Our castles are real, theirs are chipboard. Our myths are folk tales, theirs were invented to make people money. Despite this intellectual scorn, Disney will almost certainly be successful.

Lots of people want a share of Mickey. In reality Donald, Minnie, Goofy and Pluto are already part of European culture. We all grew up with Disney in pretty much the same way that American kids did. The same argument can be applied to "Main Street USA" and "Frontierland". They are US yet part of us. US Europeans.

There has been much talk about the cultural impact of 1992, the dissolving of barriers and the dangers of the dissolution of national cultures. What is often not recognised is that cultural globalisation has been at work for longer than the latest breed of little Englanders would prefer to think. Try thinking of the seven dwarfs without calling up images of Sneezy et al? Mickey is not an unwanted alien, he is already a close friend.

Building a Disney theme park is simply a question of capitalising on pre-existing interests. This could be seen as Europe, the 51st state of the union.

On the other hand it could be a recognition that the idea of national culture is becoming a little outdated in our post-everything world. But Disney is certainly not global yet. They chose to build in France, not South America, China or Africa. The conditions of profitability of this global culture are, as yet, orientated northwards. What price Afro-Disneyland?

An international culture is not necessarily an egalitarian culture. Simply because I grew up with Mickey doesn't mean he will entertain me for free. Show him the colour of your money and then he'll start squeaking.

Consuming

The middle of nowhere

Andrew Clifford on the motorway cafe 30 years on

Enter one of the new motorway restaurants, and you enter culturally naked. You could be absolutely anyone, anywhere and at any time of the day and always fit in to the general fraught atmosphere. You could be a yuppie at the Rivington Moor service station on the M61 between Manchester and Preston rushing into the Business Bureau to send a fax at one in the morning but, on the other hand, it wouldn't make much difference if you were a lorry driver at South Minns on the M25 at Potters Bar walking the dog in the specially allotted area at three in the afternoon; wherever and whoever you are, you're in the middle of nowhere; or, rather, in the middle of somewhere.

Coach parties mix with businessmen having a pre-business-lunch-lunch. Hitch-hikers cadge coffees and Kit-Kats from their Rolls-Royce benefactors. Bewildered young Euro-tourists in mauve sweatshirts, with bright yellow satchels on their backs, ask local football hooligans if they are near the sea. It's a kind of SDP version of the "melting-pot" notion of human evolution. Not so much classless as classful. It's an advertising agency's nightmare. The fact that someone chooses to stop off there says *absolutely nothing* about them.

The food is likewise impressively diverse, if inauthentically multicultural: muesli mingles freely with sugar-smacks, Lymeswold with Dairy Lee, stir-fry with black pudding. The nouvelle cuisine snob can indulge a secret lust for burnt sausages and fried eggs lathered in oil and the lager lout can come to accept an effete passion for food from the "health shelf" or "Julie's Pantry".

With 50 coaches of punters during a busy lunchtime the various services on offer need to be hosed into them as niftily as the petrol fills their tanks. So customers are funnelled into the "servery" counters, and out again before you can say "hotel and catering diploma". Each stage in the restaurantee's meal has its allotted time span, worked out by the kinds of interior designers and architects who wear white coats. Tray and utensil selection and menu perusal are supposed to take a crisp 60 seconds. Menu decision, and salad and desert selection as long as 70 seconds, and entree and side order selection can creep up to 80 without throwing the system. That's so long as drink selection occupies only 70 seconds and travel and payment to cashier don't overstep 60—all together, the amount of time a customer spends getting his or her meal is set at a sound, economically-viable five minutes and 40 seconds.

The restaurant then moves into its plan B which, like most plan Bs, is more subtle, intended to get you to finish what you've bought as swiftly as possible. Motorway restaurants are decorated and colour-coded with the same insidious ingenuity ascribed to those Russian scientists in the fifties who were supposed to be brainwashing everyone with TV screens and white noise.

The carpet looks like reconstituted pyjamas. Everything is so brightly lit (so as to be unaffected by the vagaries of the clock) that the whole area appears like a television screen with the colour up full. Classy sepia reproductions of American depression posters haunt the walls, like ghosts of an exploitative capitalism now eradicated. And, of course, musak: usually something tinnily classical or approximating to a Jive Bunny bootleg.

These new service areas are a far cry from the original motorway stop-offs. When the first one opened in Newport Pagnell in 1960 there was no brown baked-on-the-premises bread from "The Granary". There was boiled, white, sliced, fried bread instead. The closest thing to *à la carte* was a fry-up and a set dinner could be ordered only from "The Griddle". Locals drove up for egg and crinkle-cut chips and an evening out watching the Vauxhalls and Morris Minors go by. It might have felt a bit artistic and exhilarating to drink tea and discuss with travelling salesmen the existential niceties of life on the road—but all in all it was as homely and piecemeal as the set of a *Carry On* film.

For it was British customer service as known and loved. The motorist was overcome by a comforting sensation of that unique British travelling illness *class sickness* whenever he or she paused on their journey. It's quite touching that even now the modern service area retains the old-style greasy food as one part of its menu. Tucking in to the ossified fried egg and streaky, meatless bacon gives a familar feeling of nostalgia to that of the London Dungeon.

Certainly it seems more pleasant to dwell in this kind of grubby past than in a 1992 future—as though, in the sort of nightmare vision of uniformity which Mrs Thatcher paints about European unity, these havens of consumer pluralism are the pioneer settlements, the first duchies of the social-democratic United States of Europe. Already they have food and a population which is international but which comes from nowhere. They may yet develop their own language, a blending of obscure dialects and traditional national tongues into a kind of positivistic and market-led esperanto.

In the same way that out-of-town developments have replaced high streets, and Disney-worlds are taking the place of walks in the local park, the new motorway stop-offs will eventually sprout bedrooms and self-catering kitchens and offices and saunas and medical-centres—so that one day, caught up in the march not of progress but of "choice", cities and towns themselves (those places which are so loaded with bias and problems and inequality) will become the service areas; and everyone will complain how awful are their facilities and food, and how one would only ever stop there from absolute necessity, and to get petrol.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beverley Levy

Music

Pushing the feel button

Andrew Goodwin looks back at a revolution in music-making

You can sum up pop in the eighties in terms of media shifts (from vinyl to video), generic development (rock to rap), political ideology (post-punk radicalism to cause-rock philanthropy) to industry economics (from commodity form to promotional lackey of corporate sponsorship). Yet the decade's most pivotal moments occurred around a series of technological revolutions. Its trajectory is foreshadowed in the ninth bar of Joy Division's 1980 classic "Love Will Tear Us Apart". There you hear a seventies guitar-based punk band begin its transformation into New Order—an eighties machine-based pop group. Guitars are swept away by synthesisers. Soon the rigid drumming was dropped in favour of more flexible drum programmes, and Peter Hook's bass would become purely melodic—its rhythmic function appropriated by sequenced keyboards.

The most obvious sea-change of the eighties was the introduction of digital techniques in recording, and in sound reproduction (CDs, DAT (digital audio tape)). For music-makers this meant that drum machines and synthesisers no longer synthetically approximate sounds: now they exactly reproduce the "real" thing. This technical breakthrough combines with plunging costs in musical equipment, which made synth technology as accessible as yesterday's skiffle instruments. Tim Simenon (whose Bomb the Bass LP *Into The Dragon* is one of the finest examples of eighties hi-tech, but low-budget, dance music) claims to have made last year's hit "Beat dis" with a home computer and a budget of a couple of hundred pounds.

Other moments need to be registered. In 1983 Yamaha's DX-7 keyboard used a new form of sound synthesis to create a convincing array of piano, organ, bass, percussion and guitar sounds. For the next two years the DX-7 could be heard on every TV commercial, and the DX system went on to become the workhorse of eighties pop (with more than 150,000 keyboards sold), as pervasive in this decade as Marshall and Vox AC-30 amplifiers once were. And then there is MIDI (Musical Instrument Digital Interface)—a still incompletely digested technology that allows a variety of musical machines to run in synchronisation, perhaps as "slaves" to a "master" computer.

In the 1980s you could own, for about £800, a four-track cassette-based Portastudio—the exact same model on which Bruce Springsteen made his album *Nebraska*.

But the democratisation of music-making occurred most forcefully through the convergence of digital recording and MIDI. MIDI enables machines (synthesisers, drum machines, computers) to speak to one another, so that they can be synchronised with each other, prior to recording. This has two important consequences: because nothing has to be committed to tape until the final (mixing) stage of production, a whole layer of tape hiss is eliminated, and the sound quality is much greater. But MIDI is also a punk technology after its time: it allows musicians to bypass professional recording studios until the very last moment (and sometimes entirely), thus making the creation of high fidelity recordings much cheaper.

Combine this with the computer revolution (Atari has been busy promoting the 1040 ST model as "the rock 'n' roll computer"), and you arrive at a situation in which it is feasible for anyone to make studio quality recordings at home, with a micro-computer, a sampler, MIDI instruments and a DAT recorder. The gap between professional and do-it-yourself recordings is narrowing by the month.

Musically, these developments in technology have created a unique opportunity: machines with a rock sensibility. The new technologies allow for the elastic placement of the beat, out of line with its "correct" mathematical position—just a little ahead or behind the beat, to create "feel". Indeed, the equation of "feel" with mistakes is now consolidated into a piece of machinery. A new generation of drum machines (such as Roland's R8) now have a "Feel" button which will activate random error in the time-keeping, to make it seem more real.

In a decade marked by a mass-mediated obsession with the ironic, the ironies here are multiple. By the middle of the 1980s, some bands began to reject MIDI and digital sound and suggest a return to analogue "roots". The Human League, for instance, pioneered a movement that saw seventies technology (like the Moog synthesiser) as more warm and natural than digital synthesis. It is the computer terminal, not the synth, that now signifies "coldness". The "old" analogue technologies have even bestowed classic sounds (the Moog's fat bass, the Roland 808's Handclap) that are as familiar as the warm ring of a Les Paul guitar. Playing analogue synthesisers is now a mark of authenticity, where once it was a sign of alienation. In House music, and in pop influenced by it (such as Big Audio Dynamite's latest LP, *Megatop Phoenix*) the synths that once spelled estrangement are now there to tell us to party.

In the eighties, it is often impossible to tell automated and human performance apart. More remarkable still is the transformation of our perception of automated and electronic sounds from an earlier association with "coldness" until in the eighties we've learned to find an emotional affinity between machines and *funkiness*.

Today's music-makers are the first generation to have grown up thinking of drums as something that come out of a machine. They are the first musicians to have taught themselves computer programming rather than guitar riffs. They don't go to a band rehearsal, they sit down at a "workstation". What they will do when they've developed sampling and MIDI for as long as today's rock guitarists have practised blues licks is a fascinating prospect. It isn't that we can expect anything "new" in the 1990s. Today's rock music is still judged by an aesthetic dictated in the 1950s, and it has not, therefore, "progressed"; but it has continued to mutate through fusion. When MIDI music starts to do the same (as De La Soul and Digital Underground began, this year, to suggest) the results will be fascinating.

Some voices can still be heard protesting about the new technologies. Listen to Keith Richards talk about how the Rolling Stones recorded their latest LP and you'd think there was something *natural* about recording electric guitars in a 48-track studio. The criticisms of machine-based pop production techniques essentially do no more than repeat the rhetoric addressed to the use of microphones, the electrification of guitars, and the introduction of analogue synthesisers. There is every reason to think that the techniques of the 1990s will continue to innovate. Until they, in turn, learn to bemoan whatever comes next, while clinging to their antiquated MIDI sampling computers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified Advertising

Display advertisement copy to be set – Monday noon
Lineage – Friday (prior to publication on following week)
Camera ready artwork – Tuesday
Classified Display Rates:
Standard Rate: £18.00 per s.c.c.
Voluntary Organisations: £11.00 per s.c.c.
Linage Rates: 50p per word (minimum 20 words) Box No. £2.50
All advertisements subject to VAT at 15%
Correspondence should be addressed to
Classified Advertisement Department
New Statesman & Society,
Foundation House, Perseverance Works,
38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ
Advertising Staff
Chris Gallagher (Deputy Ad Manager - Classified)
Michael Breen (Sales Executive)
Aileen Caskie (Sales Executive)
Linda Ring (Advertising Secretary)
Dawn King (Production)
Telephone: 01-739-1645
Fax 01-739-9307
Telex 28449

Appointments

NATIONAL UNION OF TEACHERS

Pay Researcher
(£14,184 – £15,117)

A research post has been created within the Salaries Department of Britain's largest teacher union. Working under the direction of the Assistant Secretary, the postholder will undertake detailed research into pay and related issues.

The work will encompass: preparing research papers and briefs; monitoring, collecting and collating a wide variety of source materials; contributing to Union documents and publications and carrying out limited survey work. The postholder will also assist in case work on teachers' salaries.

The post is at the level of Professional/Administrative Assistant - Grade 3 - and applications are invited from graduates and other suitably qualified candidates. Research experience and an interest in industrial relations are desirable.

The salary for this post is £14,184 – £15,117 (inclusive of London Allowance). This post is superannuable.

In addition we offer Luncheon Vouchers of £1.45 per working day, 4 weeks annual leave rising with service, together with generous public holidays, 34 1/4 hour week (flexi-time).

For further information and an application form please telephone 01 388 6191 Ext 232 or write to the Assistant Secretary, Organisation & Administration, National Union of Teachers, Hamilton House, Mabledon Place, London WC1H 9BD, which should be returned by 17th January 1990.

THE UNION IS FUNDAMENTALLY COMMITTED TO EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES ITS POLICIES AND PRACTICES.

SOCIAL SERVICES DEPARTMENT

COMMUNITY DRUG TEAM WORKER

Salary: £12,960 - £14,658 p.a.
(Pay award pending)

Based at the Drug and Alcohol Information Centre, 18 Union Street, Oldham.

We are looking for someone with social work/drug experience to join our multi-disciplinary community drug team.

You should be experienced in working with people who have problems related to drug mis-use, and have an interest in HIV and Aids.

Ideally, you should be experienced in the assessment of the needs of individuals and have the ability to develop and implement appropriate courses of action.

The ability to evaluate critically the levels of service provided and develop new initiatives where appropriate is essential. Counselling skills would be an advantage.

Informal enquiries to: Janet Buckley, Team Leader Mental Health, Oldham, on 061-626 3315.

Oldham is a town of friendliness and character bounded on one side by Manchester with its excellent communication and cultural facilities and on the other by the unspoilt beauty of the Pennine chain.

Application forms available from the Director of Social Services, P.O. Box 22, Civic Centre, West Street, Oldham OL1 1UW. (S.A.E. please).

Closing date: 19th January, 1990.

AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

OLDHAM METROPOLITAN BOROUGH

NUCPS

nucps

PERSONNEL AND TRAINING MANAGER

The National Union of Civil and Public Servants wishes to appoint a Personnel and Training Manager.

This post has been newly created in response to an organisation and staffing review.

The successful applicant will provide personnel management services for 170 NUCPS staff.

The postholder will develop a staff training programme and a system of staff appraisal. S/he will be the Union's Equal Opportunity Officer.

The successful candidate will be committed to the aims of the Trade Union Movement; will have at least five years experience in a Personnel Management position; and will ideally have an IPM qualification.

Salary is on a scale rising by 5 increments from £14,549 to £18,573 plus London Weighting £1750 p.a. Non contributory pension. 30 days leave.

Applications and CVs should be sent to the General Secretary, National Union of Civil and Public Servants, 124/130 Southwark Street, London, SE1 OTU to arrive no later than Friday, 26th January, 1990.
Please give a daytime telephone number.

NUCPS is an equal opportunity employer.

AS A MATTER OF FAX: 01 739 9307

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWSTATESMAN SOCIETY

Trainee Journalist

The *New Statesman & Society* has established two annual bursaries to train aspiring journalists in analytic and investigative journalism.

The bursaries are for one year from late September 1990, during which the chosen trainees will engage in practical journalism at the *New Statesman & Society* under the supervision of the Editor. During the year, the trainees will also attend courses at the Graduate Centre for Journalism at City University, London as part-time students.
The bursaries will cover all fees at the Graduate Centre for Journalism and provide adequate living expenses for the year.

Applicants should have an honours degree from a British university or polytechnic, or be in the final year of a course leading to such a degree; or have an equivalent qualification from an institution in this country or overseas. Applications from mature students, women and people from an ethnic minority will be especially welcome.

Please apply in writing, attaching a cv and a sample of your writing to Stuart Weir, Editor, *NSS*, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London E2 8DQ, by 31 March 1990, at the latest. You may write an article or essay especially for this application; please do not send a thesis, if you have one, but an article (not a summary) drawn from it. Please mark your envelope "Trainee" and enclose an SAE if you want an acknowledgement.

LINAGE / HEARTSEARCH BOOKING FORM

Special Offer

BOOK THREE — GET ONE FREE

If you book three consecutive ads you get an extra one absolutely free

You can now reach more than 250,000 readers every week with a small advertisement in *New Statesman & Society*.

If you need to promote meetings, seminars, Ronnie Barker's autobiography, property to let, or if you simply want to meet a soulmate through heartsearch then send us the completed coupon with your remittance

50p per word (minimum 20 words) incl. VAT.
Box Numbers £2.50 extra

Copy date: Friday. Prior to publication on the following Friday.

Post coupon to:
Classified Department,
New Statesman & Society,
Freepost, London, E2 8BR

AD TEXT (BLOCK CAPS) or use separate sheet

.....

.....

.....

.....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

No. of weeks ..... Remittance £.....

Or charge my Access/Visa/Barclaycard No .....

.....

Please state classification .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NORTH WEST HERTFORDSHIRE HEALTH AUTHORITY

Priority Services Unit (Psychiatry)
Adolescent Unit

Nursing Assistant Grade A

This is a regional unit for younger adolescents providing a psychiatric service based on crisis intervention and systems theory. It has open communication management.

We are looking for motivated people to join an established multi-disciplinary team.

We can offer you:
Experience in group work, family therapy, bioenergetics, encounter, gestalt, psychodrama and hypnosis.
Opportunities for training courses and workshops, skill and career development.

Salary: £5340 pa – £6725 pa + £149 pa London Fringe Allowance + £275 pa Psychiatric Lead + Supplement + £750 pa Flexible pay.

Informal enquiries welcomed by:
Mr T Emdon, Clinical Nurse Manager Tel. St Albans 55555 Ext 3381/3104 or write to arrange an informal visit.

Application form and job description obtainable from Personnel Department, Hill End Hospital, Hill End Lane, St Albans, Herts AL4 ORB Tel. St Albans 55555 Ext 3274.

Closing date for completed applications 19th January 1990.

Committed to Equal Opportunites in Employment

◆ STANDBY STAFF ◆

SOCIAL WORKERS

- Excellent Rates
- Flexibility
- Holiday Pay
- Phone Julia Kwest

01-377 5789

OV SELECTION

have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers.

Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

Computers

GINGER

The complete organiser for pressure groups, clubs and societies. Runs on IBM/Amstrad PC and compatibles. Complete system £65 incl VAT, demonstration system £7.50 (state 3.5/5.25 inch disks).

T.J Techniques Ltd., 82 Upper George St., Chesham, HP5 3EH. 0494 783229.

Classified Advertising

Phone 01 739 1645

Binders

We still have limited stocks of:
New Statesman binders – each holds 6 months copies – £4.50 each or £8.50 for two.
New Society binders – each holds 3 months copies – £4 each, £7.50 for two, or £13.00 for four.

Write in with your cheque to: New Statesman & Society (Binders), Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London E2 8DQ.

Please allow 28 days for delivery.

Publications

What would happen if there was a nuclear accident?

To find out read:-
"Nuclear Power: Risks and Emergency Planning", a new booklet available from the Information Centre Bookshop, Town Hall, Manchester M60 2LA, or Tel: 061-234 3244

Could emergency plans cope?

MANCHESTER City Council

Holiday/Travel

SOUTHERN SPAIN self-contained apartment in old olive mill. 12 miles from coast. Beautiful and unspoilt. Tel: (0923) 857760.

Courses

GENDER AND SOCIAL POLICY is entering its third successful year. Join us in October 1990, full- or part-time. M.Sc./ Diploma at University of Bristol. Options in Law, Culture/Education, Health, Employment and Family Policy. Details from Ann Warren-Cox: 0272-303030.

Agenda
Mon 15 Jan

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: The John Coffin Memorial Literary Readings will be given by Seamus Heaney (Poet and current Professor of Poetry at Oxford University) entitled: "The Use of Memory" at the University of London, Senate House, Malet Street, London WC1E 7HU at 5.30 pm on Monday 15 January 1990. Professor Heaney will explore the relations between memory and imagination by reading favourite passages from the poetry of Dante, Auden, Wordsworth, Dickinson, Yeats and many others. Admission Free, without ticket.

Heartsearch

NATURAL FRIENDS, Britain's premier friendship service for intelligent, creative, 'green' minded people. Free details from:- NATURAL FRIENDS (NS), 15, BENYON GARDENS, CULFORD, SUFFOLK, IP28 6EA. (028484) -315.

SWEDISH WOMAN 39, who enjoys outdoor activities, literature, music, theatre, travel etc. would like getting to know Englishman, to begin with through correspondence. Box (52) 988.

I AM AN INTELLIGENT, caring woman, recently divorced. I would like to meet new people to explore some of lifes' challenges and pleasures. Please reply to Box (52) 989.

ESCAPE. ex-teacher, 48, divorced, blonde, petite, energetic, now living very happily in Mediterranean Turkey seeks funny, intelligent, preferably younger man to share what is nearly a perfect lifestyle. Meetings possible London/ Oxford January/March. Write to Box (52) 990.

YOUNG MAN (24) seeks company of older, experienced lady, who is willing to offer advice and comfort. Replies to Box (48) 957.

STYLISH LONDON WOMAN sought by armchair radical, male 36 (musical, antiquarian and hi-tech interests), for fin de siecle adventures. Box (51) 978.

Therapy

PSYCHOTHERAPY GROUP ongoing for one year, beginning Jan 9th, meeting Tuesday evenings in N. W. London. For information contact Christine Embleton 0628 669147 or Werner Prall 01-451 3607.

Personal

SPERM DONORS WANTED for lesbian couple. Contact through third party only. Send letter. Box (51) 987.

Courses

BIRKBECK COLLEGE
University of London
CENTRE FOR EXTRA-MURAL STUDIES

Beginning January:

Part-time short courses, weekend schools and Saturday schools

Open to everyone over 18 years. Wide range of subjects from Archaeology to Women's Studies. Details now available in our January list.

Also:

Residential Summer Schools in Gloucestershire and York

Subjects include: archaeology, art and architecture, drama, garden history, geology, history, literature, media studies, music, natural history, pre-retirement training, philosophy and religious studies.

Residential and non-residential Summer Schools in London

Further information from:

Information Bureau, Centre for Extra-Mural Studies, 26 Russell Square, London WC1B 5DQ. Tel: 01-636 8000 ext 3833 ansaphone 01-636 9720 Quote: Reference Nos IBJ2.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOLUNTEER NOTICE BOARD is a free service provided by New Statesman & Society with financial assistance from Thames Television's Help programme. Interested organisations are invited to send their copy (approximately 45 words) to Dawn King at New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ by Friday preceding publication date. Please note this service is for recruiting volunteers only. If you have salaried vacancies contact the Classified Department on 01-739-1645.

BATTERSEA BEFRIENDING Scheme needs caring volunteers able to make a committment of one year, offering friendship and support to someone isolated as a result of a mental health problem. Excellent training starts end of January 1990 (one evening p/w). On going support provided and expenses paid. No experience needed - joint committment. If interested, please ring Alison Croker, Wandsworth Volunteer Bureau on 01-870 4319.

RELEASE legal and drugs advice agency, needs volunteers for its 24 hr helpline. On Thursday 11th January 7 pm at the RELEASE office an introductory evening is being held to explain the nature of the work. If you are interested but unable to attend, or want more details contact Catherine Phillips, 169 Commercial Street; London E1 6BW Tel: 01-377 5905.

CHILDREN'S Country Holiday Fund. Volunteers are required urgently in the following London boroughs to act as the funds representative. Dealing with all matters concerning referrals of children from local agencies. Well organised people with an aptitude for paperwork and willing to visit the childrens family home. Plenty of spare time needed especially between March & August. Southwark, Kensington, Westminster, Ealing, Lewisham and Tower Hamlets.

BONDWAY NIGHTSHELTER is an emergency provision for homeless men, require volunteers (aged 18 - 30) to work for approx. 6 months. Allowance and accommodation provided. We recruit throughout the year so welcome applications from those wishing to be considered at a later stage. For further details contact: Volunteer Co-ordinator, P O Box 374, London SW8 1SJ. Enclosing a S.A.E. (due to interview restrictions, applicants should be resident in U.K.).

FULL-TIME VOLUNTEERS are needed now and throughout 1990 to help people with severe physical disabilities to live independently in the community. No experience needed, just enthusiasm, flexibility and sense of humour. Free accommodation, all bills paid, an allowance of £40 p/w & valuable work experience. Interesting work in a friendly, supportive environment. Placements in north or south London. For more info. please contact Sue Denney at SHAD, Selby Site, Selby Road, London N17 8JN, or ring 01-885 5569.

P.A.L.S. (Partners Against Loneliness Scheme) is a new scheme in Kensington which aims to find friends for people with learning difficulties (mental handicap). If you live or work in or near the borough and feel you can offer friendship and support to someone with learning difficulties then phone Rachel Fyson on 960 0995 or write to P.A.L.S. 20 Kingsbridge Road, London W10.

THE SAMARITANS is a charity committed to providing emotional support 24 hours a day, every day for those who are lonely and desperate. You don't need qualifications or experience to join them. However you must be a good listener/open minded and able to maintain a regular weekly shift. Please ring your local Branch - number is in the book.

WESTMINSTER Carers Service. We offer respite care in the home to relieve carers for a few hours a week. Do you have any spare time? We need reliable, responsible and caring people who would enjoy being with an elderly or disabled person enabling their carer to have a break. Please contact Sarah or David on 976 5999 or write to W.C.S., St James the Less Centre, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London SW1V 2PT.

THAMES HELP

Thames Help, presented by Jackie Spreckley, is a four minute local social action programme. It appears three times a week on Thames Television at 6.50pm approximately (check TV Times for details). Here is a summary of this week's programmes.

Tuesday 9th January - Families Under Stress

Sometimes the seasonal celebrations can put additional pressures on families who may already be under stress, but help is available. Talking about problems as a family, in family therapy, can make all the difference between staying together and breaking up. The Family Service Unit provides free family therapy to some families in the Thames area and the Hall family believe it has kept them together.

For more information about family therapy at Family Service Units write to:
FSU, 207 Marylebone Road, London NW1 5QP

Wednesday 10th January - Wandsworth Family Service Unit.

There are ten Family Service Units in the Thames area, providing help to families under stress. FSU's are voluntary organisations but are funded by local authorities. Tonight we visit Wandsworth FSU which, amongst other things, offers family therapy and a drop-in centre for local families who are experiencing difficulties.

For more information about Family Service Units in the Thames Area, write to:
FSU, 207 Marylebone Road, London NW1 5QP.

Thursday 11th January - Parents Anonymous

Parents Anonymous was set up ten years ago to offer support and help to parents when the stresses and strains of bringing up a family reach breaking point. They run a completely confidential phone line for parents. In some cases, a call to Parents Anonymous can prevent a desperate parent abusing their child. This important service is staffed by volunteers but more are needed to keep it going.

For more information about becoming a Parents Anonymous volunteer, ring 388 8282, or write to:
Parents Anonymous, 6-7 Manor Gardens, London N7 6LA.

THAMES TELEVISION XXI

Thames Help, Thames Television PLC, 149 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 9LL. Telephone: 01-387 9494.

CHESTER AID to the Homeless are looking for volunteer workers for their hostels. For 6 to 12 months. Full board, holiday pay and weekly allowance paid. For further details telephone Anita Presford on 0244-318360 or write to Roodee House, 22 Grosvenor Street, Chester GH1 2DD.

THE ELKANAN Elkes Association for Intercommunity Understanding. March, April Israel volunteer required from 2 - 6 weeks to work with elderly & mentally handicapped. Experience preferred. Phone (0533) 415582, (0533) 552421, (0533) 775369.

MIND in Kensington & Chelsea is looking for volunteers to help in it's Wednesday evening clubs (2 hours), one in North Kensington and one in South Kensington, and it's Sunday lunch club. You will be valued and supported. Please call on 727 8975.

UNPAID VOLUNTEERS needed with experience or particular interest in art activities who can offer a regular committment to work with elderly patients in Greenwich District Hospital, SE10. If not living locally, the ability to travel would be required. Please contact Linda McCullock on 318-0310.

A GENEROUS ALLOWANCE is paid to House Assistants at Guildford Cyrenian Hostel for 12 single homeless men as well as free board and lodging in separate accommodation. We are looking for responsible people of 19+ to work for a minimum of 6 months. Phone 0483 60762 or write to 43 Walnut Tree Close, Guildford, Surrey GU1 4UL.

HULL Development Education Centre seeks unpaid workers. The centre serves teachers and youth workers locally and offers a range of unpaid work - work in schools + youth centres, administration plus various topical projects. We aim to raise awareness of international development issues - please call Jane on 0482 210168.

CHRISTMAS DAY - are you free on Christmas Day to help us with our party for 130 local pensioners? We at Pensioners Link Westminster need help with transport and also at the party itself. If you can spare the time please ring us at Westminster Pensioners Link - 289 1849 and speak to Anita, Otto, or Sarah.

THE 300 GROUP campaigns for more women in Parliament and in public life. We have 2 part-time staff in a small, friendly office off Oxford Street, who are looking for volunteers to help with the setting up of a new database (PARADOX 3) and the input of data and also with routine but varied administrative tasks. Travel expenses paid. If you can help, please ring 01-345 3457 and ask for Margaret or Kathy.

COMMITTED VOLUNTEERS needed for an evening East London advice/information and counselling project for drug related problems. We provide evening training to volunteers before practical experience begins. Are you interested? Call 383 5071 or write for an application form enclosing a SAE to Roz Marten, Coordinator, APA, 5-7 Tavistock Place, London WC1H 9SS. Application deadline 1st Feb 1990.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW STATESMAN & SOCIETY

Editor
Stuart Weir
Deputy Editor
Philip Dodd
Assistant Editor
Jolyon Jenkins
Associate Editors
Anthony Barnett
Duncan Campbell
Artefax Editor
Sally Townsend
Acting Books Editor
Nicci Gerrard
Political Editor
Sarah Benton
Social Affairs Editor
Boyd Tonkin
Art Editor
Caroline Heler
Acting Chief-sub/Production Editor
Pat Sampson
Sub-editor/Typesetting
Jill Chisholm
Writers
Sean French
Stephen Howe
Vicky Hutchings
Claire Sanders
Nigel Townson
Editor Society Today
Pat McNeill
Poetry Editor
Hugo Williams
Editorial Assistants
Colette O'Reilly
Maria Seed
Display Advertising
Jenny Shramenko
Amanda Charlwood
Peter Shayne
Classified Advertising
Chris Gallagher
Aileen Caskie
Michael Breen
Advertising Production
Dawn King
Advertising Secretary
Linda Ring
Subscriptions
Barbara Reilly
Marketing & Promotions Manager
Jane Richards
Assistant Promotions Manager
Carol Anne McKenzie
Office Manager
Gina Jennings
Accounts
Lee Charles
Chief Executive
Pat Coyne

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum'; and 'The Week-end Review'.
Registered as a newspaper.
Typesetting by ECM, 36-42 Clerkenwell Road, London EC1. Colour origination by Graphic Ideas, 135-139 Curtain Road, London EC2. Printed by BPCC Colchester Web Offset Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester C03 3LJ (Tel: 577881). Distribution by NS Distribution, 102 Curtain Road, London EC2A 3AA 01-739-1737. Second class postage paid at New York, NY USPS 382260. Air freight in US by Speedimpex USA Inc.
16mm and 35mm microfilms, 105mm microfiche and article copies are available through University Microfilms Inc, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

ENDGAMES

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 3109 Set by E O Parrott
Sixteen lines of verse beginning with the lines "Farewell to the decade of..." or "A long goodbye to the... decade". Entries to be in by 18 January.

No 3106 Set by P S Burton
Oscar Wilde-type aphorisms dealing with the Poll Tax, Sky Television, Green politics, new technology, bovine spongiform encephalopathy or any other *fin de siècle* phenomenon you can think of.

Report by Grace Elegy
I feel quite honoured to be asked to do the first report of the new year. Actually, it's because de Meaner won't be back from shenanigans in the country with her vast and much extended family. Still, as I'm the last person to gossip, you won't hear a word from my lips! A number of worthy attempts—you've obviously been studying your *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* assiduously. But the best of all had to be the one from Les Bailey. Three pounds for each entry and an extra five pounds to Les. Well done.

Green politics: MP's survival tactics.
Poll tax: The insufferable sponging on the insolvent.
New age: Same old thing recycled.

Katie Mallett

Mad cow disease, however regrettable its effects upon the individual, may represent Mrs Thatcher's best long-term chances of moulding the nation in her own image.
Popular capitalism, a concept of delightful absurdity, should have been denied the oxymoron of publicity.

Peter Norman

The Green Party is the least green party of all, for they insist on having new policies whereas the others are content with recycled ones.

Hamish Soutar

The Greenhouse Effect argument seems to be full of holes.
Sky TV is above my head.

R J Pickles

There is only one thing in the world worse than appearing on Wogan, and that is not appearing on Wogan.
When war is no longer cost-effective, it will cease to be popular.

Naomi Marks

Thrice blessed is the single parent family: the strain of loyalty to a partner, the horrors of divorce and the difficulty of deciding which authority to obey are all avoided.

Peter Alexander

One is hardly surprised that the Conservatives approve of irradiation. It is, I believe, a method whereby what has long decomposed is offered to the public as palatable.

Audrey Bramson

Green politics: The substitution of the automobile by the bandwagon.
Sky TV: Dust-bin lids receiving the rubbish.

Jim Yorke

One man's poll tax is another man's poll tax.

Les Bailey

People should never know what is bad for them. Hence the Official Secrets Act.
Green politics: There is nothing more satisfying than to discover that morality is an electoral asset.
Sky Television was invented for the sole purpose of reassuring the rich that there may be a place in heaven for them.

Watson Weeks

A little salmonella is a dangerous thing, and a great deal of it is absolutely fatal to one's career.

A D Gibbons

Theme parks: The suggestible in search of the disposable.
Whenever I see a condom dispenser, I am tempted to slip into something more comfortable.

Bill Greenwell

Sky Television: Triteness falls from the air.
Designer labels: If I am to advertise, let it at least be for myself.
Neighbours: At last, something to make me nostalgic for solitary confinement.

Noel Petty

GRAFFITI BY PAIGE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SALAMANCA

COLLINS THESAURUS

PRIZES: Copies of the *Collins Thesaurus in A-Z form* for the first three correct solutions opened. In this New Year's issue, there are also ten Collins Reference Dictionaries to be won by the runners-up. Entries to Salamanca 156, New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London E2 8DQ by first post 31 January.

SALAMANCA: 156 "For ever and ever"

The quotation (fifteen words from near the end of Stave Four) beginning at 24, 26, and continuing clockwise around the grid comes from 17. Answers to eleven clues must have a change variously applied to them (wholly or in part, not always leading to a real word and one answer appearing as two words) as if affected by one of the three 30s. Unchecked letters in these lights give TALE CD WRIT, and those of the quotation, 17 & 30, produce HEAR HIM OR YULE TIME IN SONG.

ACROSS

8. Bird: it's acceptable to stuff it from the rear (3)
9. To serve as a sample of a noted gift? (9)
11. Have a gift, child (3)
13. One having Latin for part of the song(4)
14. This chap's age is about 400 at 21st year? (3)
15. Jock's wild radish child found by a small stream? (5)
18. Fish no longer bright (3)
20. Sound of merriment? Coming after beer, we hear, it would be excitement (4)
21. Hoax, putting gold on house (4)
22. Bird always stuffed with fish (5)
28. Bird we left in state (4)
29. Sluggish person leaves lair to blow it? (3)
31. On pet roans where you'd fasten shackle with ring? (7)
34. Proper hard one etc. in riot (5)
35. For such regret to be genuine takes time (3)
36. You might find this at edges of lakes if you basically paddle around (4)
37. One you'd see in Latin game? (3)
38. Bird hanged and then cooked (6)
39. Bird the crew left for Captain? (3)

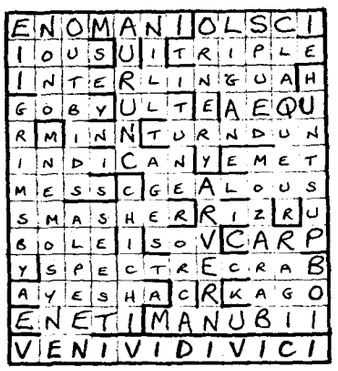
DOWN

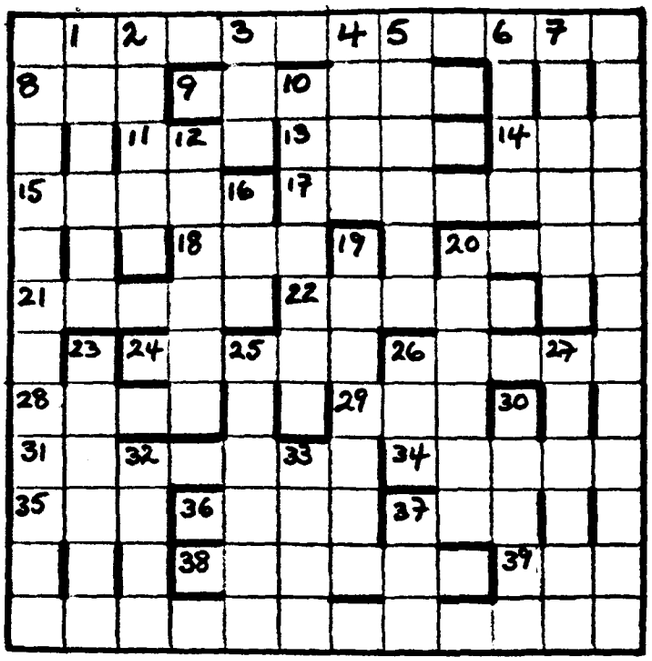
1. But she might be hoping to marry a Mr shortly in UK, perhaps (6)
2. This describes first issue in gene product? (5)
3. Pamper favourite bird that's not chary (3)
4. Gift for men often found packed in ornamental cartons (4)
5. When dirt's scuffed by end of toe it shows how one might comfortably stand (7)
6. What's at head of letter (circular affair)? (4)
7. How to educate one in college, say (5)
10. Part of current song showing drama clearly (6)
12. Company to brew mostly fermented strong ale (7)
16. She's not completely simple (3)
19. Didn't resist Morpheus, not even when beset by young hooligan (6)
20. Man tore frenziedly into classic feast (6)
23. Guarantee to create universal havoc (6)
25. Incur one that's downright slippery: could be on this? (6)
26. Shouting hard you produce this sound (3)
27. Very large bone one's found in antelopes (6)
32. Drink for ladies in company (4)
33. This, given name, is a form of grain (4)
37. In open countryside you'll see a lot of foliage (3)

Solution to Salamanca 154

Prizewinners

Arwyn Thomas, Mid Glamorgan
M. Butler, Fyfe
C. Usher, Reading





Name .....

Address .....

.....

In the forefront of current changes in Eastern Europe are independent human rights, peace, trade union and democratic opposition groups. In some countries they are tolerated, in others they still face repressive conditions. To be effective and above all to remain independent, they need financial as well as moral and political help.

YOUR Solidarity Can help.

The **East European Cultural Foundation (EECF)** finances cultural and educational projects in Eastern Europe and helps to link democratic human rights and peace groups within the Soviet bloc. In Czechoslovakia the **EECF** relies on the support of the **Jan Palach Information and Research Trust (JPIRT)**. The **EECF** supports the publication of the **East European Reporter**, a quarterly journal which extensively covers independent activities and political developments in Central and Eastern Europe. **(Subscriptions: United Kingdom £19.00, Europe £21.00, USA $32.00, Institutions £32.00, $60.00.)**

Essential to the Reporter's Czechoslovak section is the news bulletin published by Palach Press, **'Uncensored Czechoslovakia'**, the English version of the well-informed Prague-based independent fortnightly 'Information on Charter 77'. **(Subscriptions: Europe £45.00, USA $105.00, Institutions £65.00, $160.00.)**

"The East European Reporter is a remarkably valuable guide to what's happening in east and central Europe – for it lets you read what the key people working for change have to say."

Stuart Weir
Editor, New Statesman & Society

"I welcome the East European Reporter and regard its output as a further positive step towards promoting greater mutual information, co-operation and solidarity among the independent initiatives in Eastern Europe."

Vaclav Havel
Playwright, Charter 77, Prague

"With the situation in the Communist countries becoming increasingly different, the importance of well-informed sources of information grows accordingly. The pioneering post-Communist transition to democracy makes the Reporter indispensable."

Miklos Haraszti
Writer, Alliance of Free Democrats, Budapest

"The future of Eastern Europe requires that we do not substitute new 'unquestionable' doctrines for the old. Therefore we need an uninterrupted discussion about our experiences and ideas for tomorrow. The East European Reporter represents one of the forums needed for such a discussion."

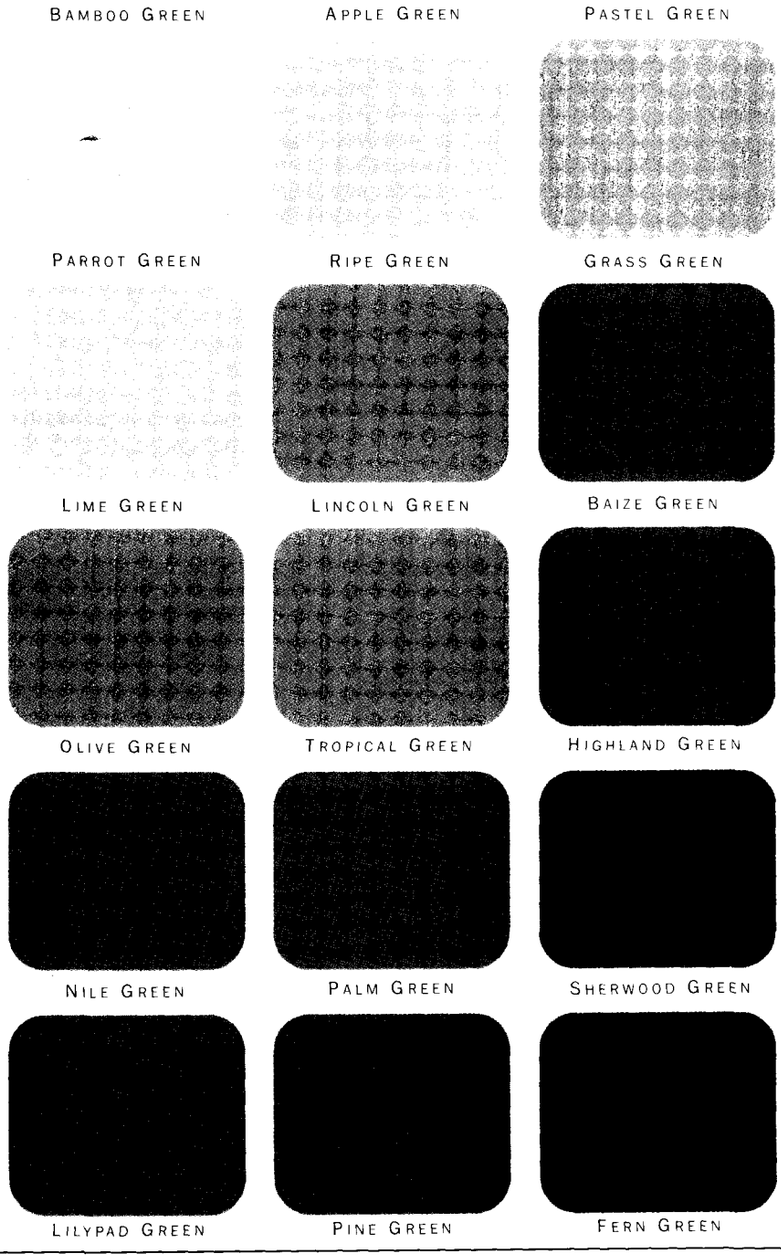
Adam Michnik
Solidarity Senator

EECF and JPIRT are registered charities and donations to them are tax-deductible. For more information, contact:

The Secretary, EECF
71 Belmont Avenue, LONDON N17 8AX
Tel: 01-889 1074 Fax: 01-881 6116

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just how green are you about nuclear power?



ONCE UPON A TIME, green was just a colour. Now it's a universal movement. And what shade of green you are says more about you than even class or status.

To a lot of people, however, being green presents somewhat of a dilemma:

How best to safeguard the future of mankind, and accept nuclear power as playing an important part in that future.

We at BNFL believe nuclear power must play a role.

By far the biggest threat to our future comes from the Greenhouse Effect.

Since the Industrial Revolution we've been burning fuels like wood, coal and oil in huge quantities. The carbon dioxide produced by this has been lingering above the earth's surface, trapping the sun's heat and causing global warming.

While the scientists argue as to what the exact consequences could be, certain facts cannot be ignored.

In 1850 there were 280 parts of CO_2 to one million parts of air in the atmosphere.

In 1984 that had increased to 340 parts per million. Unchecked it will reach 600 parts by the year 2050.

That could result in the earth being the warmest since the age of the dinosaur 65 million years ago.

A rather chilling prospect in fact.

Now, whilst the nuclear industry has never claimed to be the sole solution to the Greenhouse Effect, to say it can make no contribution to solving the problem is misleading.

Fossil-fuel power stations produce CO_2 which contributes to the Greenhouse Effect. Fact.

Nuclear power stations do not. Fact.

In France and Belgium, for example, they generate more than two-thirds of their electricity from nuclear power.

This has helped to reduce their output of carbon dioxide faster than the rest of Europe.

In Britain we could also reduce our output of carbon dioxide by increasing our investment in nuclear power.

So sure are we of a nuclear future that BNFL is currently investing £1½ million a day at Sellafield.

Might we suggest that those people who say that you cannot possibly support a nuclear future and be green might be looking a little on the black side?

BRITISH NUCLEAR FUELS PLC.
Risley, Warrington WA3 6AS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED